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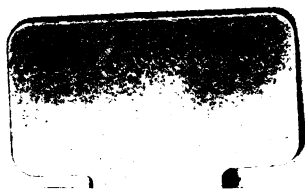
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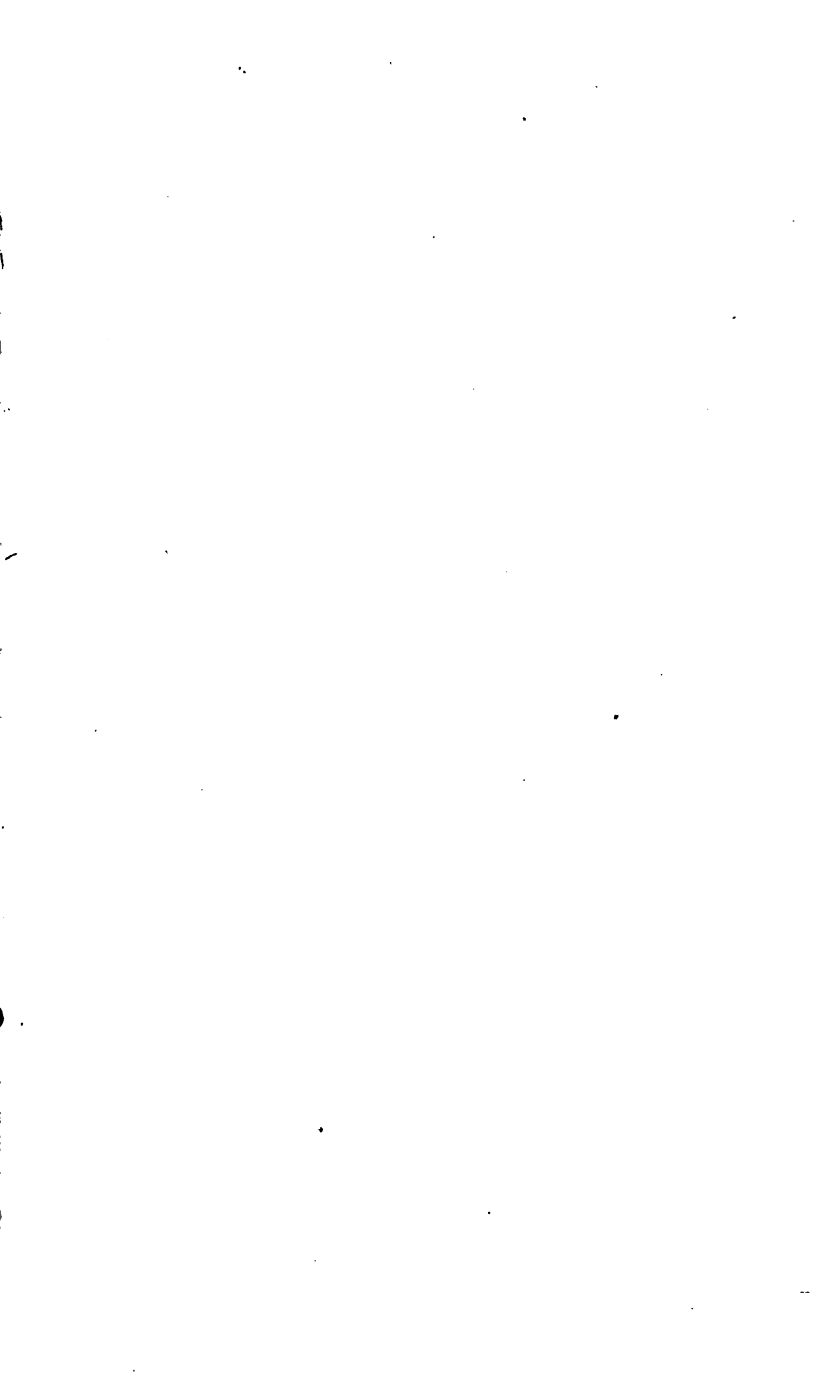
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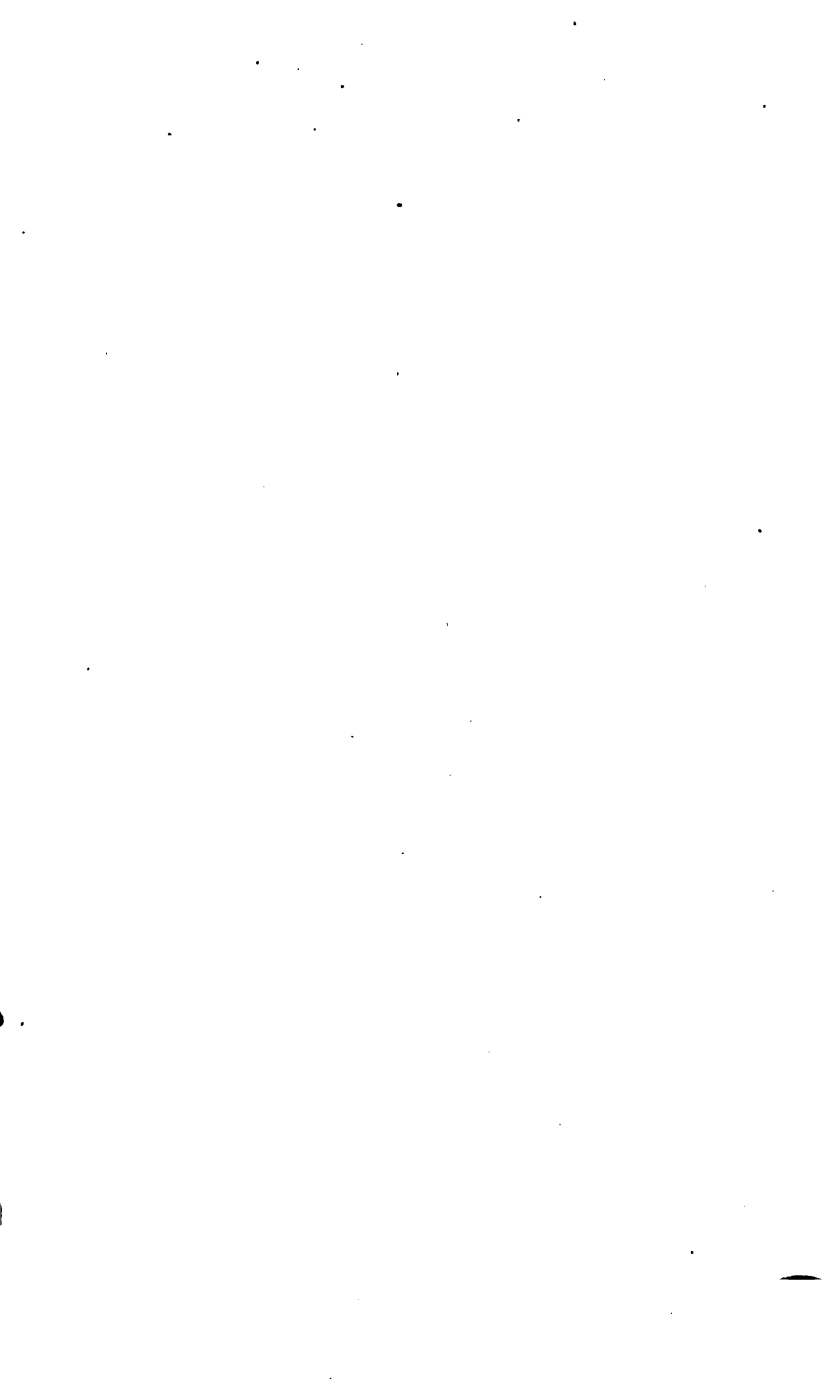
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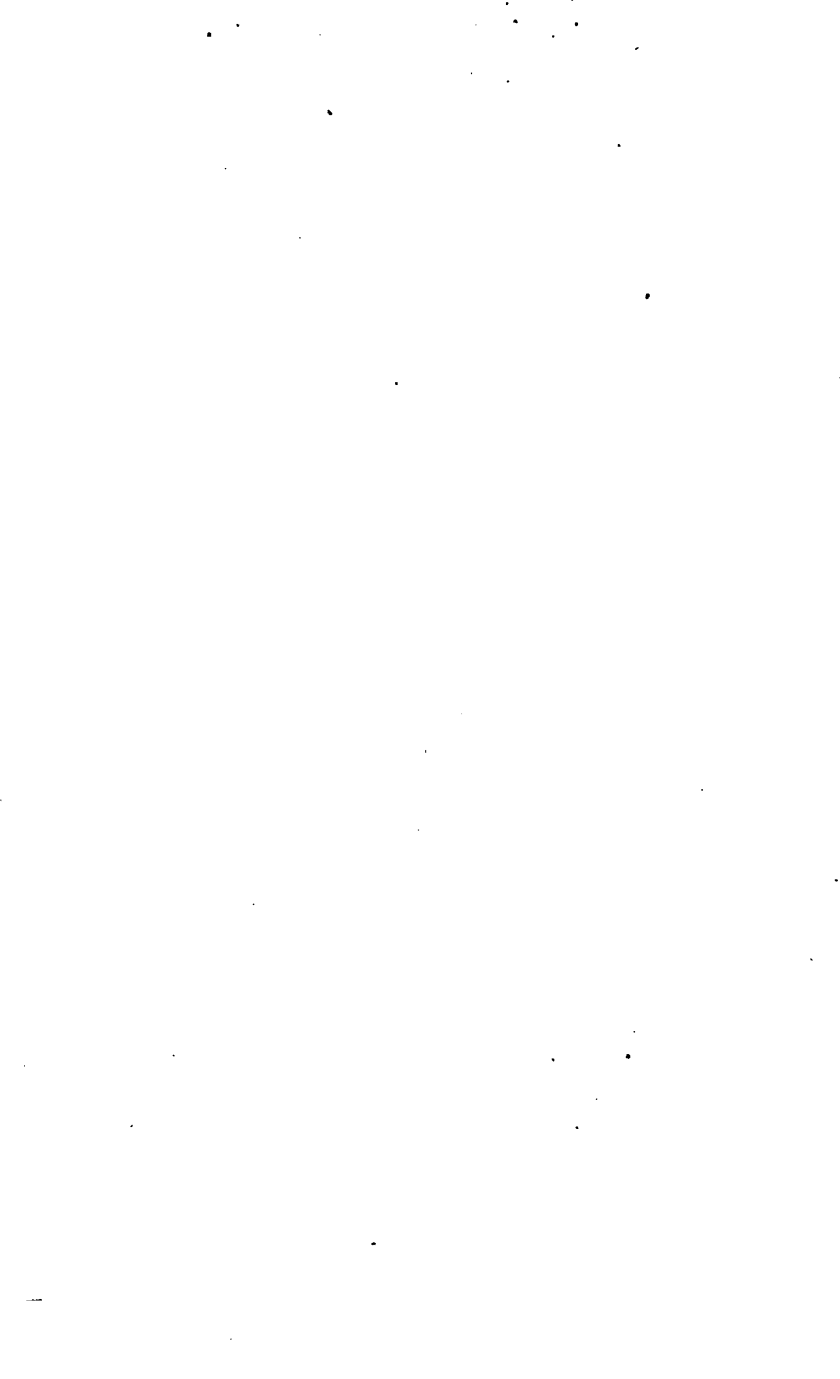
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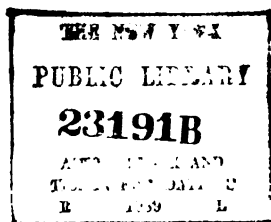
THE
HARP OF SYLVA.

BY
EDWARD C. JONES, A. B.
INSTRUCTOR IN THE PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTION FOR
THE BLIND.

PHILADELPHIA:
RICHARD S. H. GEORGE.
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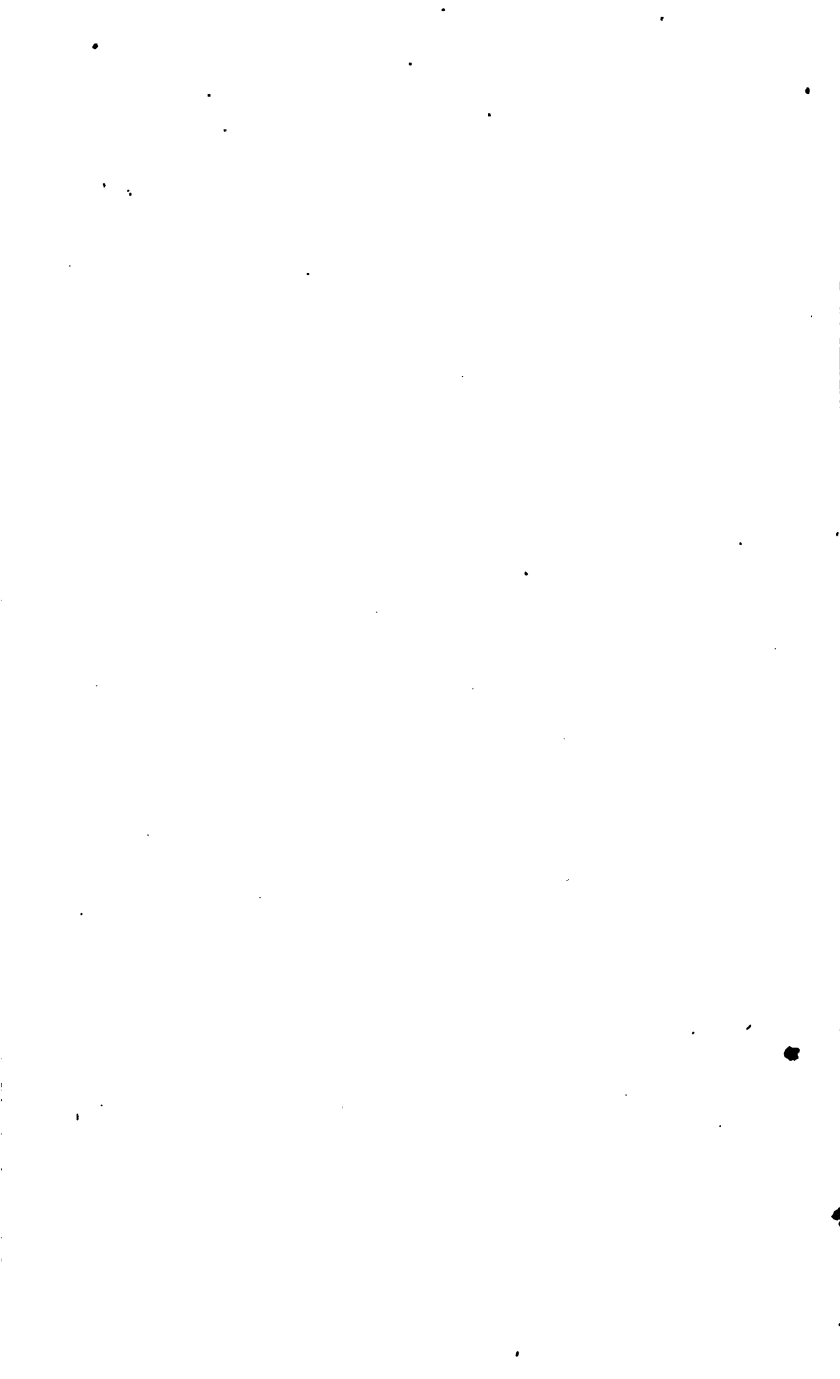
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TO THE
MEMBERS OF THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY,
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

GENTLEMEN,

I have mingled with you in days gone-by, when, animated by one common hope, we trod the paths of science. Within the venerable walls of your society I have spent my happiest moments, and indulged in my brightest anticipations; and there too have been formed my most cherished associations. Accept then, as a slight memorial of esteem, this humble tribute of one, who, though called to mix with busy men, has still in store the pleasing recollections of the past. That each of you may in after years be blessings to your race, and reflect upon your Alma Mater the credit she so richly merits, is his parting wish. May that wish be fully realized.

WOM 19 FEB 1906



P R E F A C E.

IN submitting to the public his unpretending volume, the author would beg their kind indulgence, as he states with brevity the circumstances of its origin. It is the result of what are termed the leisure hours of academical and collegiate life. To a student, these moments of relaxation are welcome visitors, but are, alas! too generally employed in poring over what are so congenial to the youthful bosom—the pages of romance. Such seasons were occupied by the author in a far more pleasing, and to him more profitable task. He struck the harp of poesy with a trembling hand, and his immature effusions are before you. He may be wanting in strength of thought and propriety of expression. In the critic's eye he must plead defective; but if merit there exist,

he feels assured that a candid public will not fail to appreciate it with equal readiness.

In a few instances the subjects have been hitherto unappropriated ; several of them have been scattered anonymously through the periodicals of the day ; and, at the request of his friends, he now presents them in a more embodied form. If, by the effusions of his muse, one generous feeling of the bosom be excited, one noble emotion strengthened and refined, one moral and religious truth be inculcated or more indelibly impressed upon the mind, his heartfelt wish will have met with its full accomplishment.

PHILADELPHIA.

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ROBERT EMMET.

A POEM.

THIS gallant young man had been an active leader in a revolutionary attempt in Ireland, commonly, though unjustly, styled "an Irish rebellion." His patriotic speech before Lord Norbury, at the Session-House, Dublin, on an indictment for high treason, is admitted to be a master-piece of oratory, both for soul-stirring pathos, and high-toned sentiments of philanthropy. It has shed a brilliant halo around the memory of his departed worth, and immortalized in the bosoms of unnumbered freemen the name of Emmet. He suffered death in 1803, and in the twenty-second year of his age.

Before a venal court he stands,
Arraigned a criminal ;
His presence yet respect commands,
They know his spirit well :

They know it is a patriot soul
With whom they have to deal ;
And well, for what the man control,
Whose cause his country's weal ?

They read it in his noble mien,
His firm undaunted look,
And if they felt it too, I ween,
Their craven spirits shook.

Shook, did I say—ay, quailed, before
The keenly-flashing eye
Of him who for his motto bore,
“ With Erin live or die.”

His country's desolated shrine,
Stood witness of the vow ;
And think ye, though the world combine,
He'd shrink that purpose now ?

No, rather let the cold, damp stone,
Of martyred Emmet tell ;
Than he, in Emmet should disown
That country's Hannibal :

Yet round that prisoner's youthful brow
There twined no martial bay,
Nor ever had his high-breathed vow
Awoke the minstrel lay.

... 1 9 7 1

He might not boast his deeds of fame,
The prowess of his arm ;
He might not bear the conqueror's name,
The terror and the charm ;

Nor yet recount ensanguined fields,
And proud invaders low ;
Nor trophies in profusion yield,
His bravery to show.

Yet be not hasty to decree
That Hannibal of yore,
E'er kept his vow more sacredly,
Or loved his country more.

'Twas his to quaff, in youthful blood,
The fount of eloquence ;
The Genius of the mystic flood,
Had bade him draw from thence :

And as he drank, the goddess smiled,
And thus benignly said,
" Go, hie thee to the work, my child,
Hibernia asks thine aid.

“ The haughty lion’s helpless prey,
She welters in her gore,
Nor let it fill thee with dismay,
To hear his savage roar.

“ Thou hast the oratoric fire,
Away and use it then ;
Thy fainting countrymen inspire
By hand, and voice, and pen.

“ Go, lead the patriotic van,
Whoe’er his weapon draws ;
Away, and show thyself a man,
In freedom’s holy cause :

“ They’ll dwell upon thy thrilling strains—
Enthusiastic grow :
Resolve to break their galling chains,
Or fall beneath the blow.

“ Go, raise thy voice with trumpet tongue,
Hibernia’s wrongs to plead,
And honours shall await thee young,
A deathless name thy meed.

"I'll augur death may be thy doom,
For such an effort—yet,
Though tyrants can't be overcome,
Go prove they can be met.

"'Twill be the groundwork of the whole,
Achieved the cause shall be,
Which soon shall nerve thy manly soul,
For Erin shall be free.

"Free! ay, thy native land, that now
A cowering menial lies,
Will greet thee with encircled brow,
The sister of the skies.

"Columbia, of the western wave,
A noble race has run;
She tramples on the tyrant's grave,
And points to Washington.

"Then fear not thou with trumpet tongue
Hibernia's wrongs to plead;
For should the grave await thee young,
A deathless name's thy need."

“Fair Goddess, be it mine to die,
Whate’er mine exit too ;
I have resolved a purpose high,
And to that purpose true.

“I’ll plant my feet upon a rock,
Her rights to vindicate,
For Emmet can abide the shock,
Or chains, or death, await.

“When duty calls me let me lose
My fame, my life, my all ;
O brand me with the coward’s name,
If I refuse the call.”

He went—assemblies on his words,
In listening transport hung ;
Such glowing speech they ne’er had heard,
Such Ciceronian tongue.

And then with stirring pathos pealed,
His fearless notes along,
As Truth, with golden beam, revealed
A catalogue of wrong.

And now, beneath his touching strain,
 Would melt the feeling heart,
The manly bosom heave, and then
 The manly teardrop start.

Then deeper rolled the gushing tide,
 Till swords instinctive leaped ;
And in the glowing prospect spied
 A vengeful harvest reaped.

But tyrants swore his sun should set—
 He might their power defy ;
And so the bloody conclave met,
 Concerted he should die.

They brought him to their blood-stained bar,
 And put to blush the truth ;
For false their accusations were
 Against that noble youth.

Such charges must not there remain,
 Upon his guiltless head ;
He brooked it not to have them stain
 The memory of the dead.

That Emmet bore the traitor's brand,
And lost the patriot,
Thus on historic page to stand
Was hard, he brooked it not.

He had espoused a holy cause,
His motives were sincere ;
Despite the view of human laws,
What had he then to fear ?

He knew before that crowd he stood
A criminal arraigned ;
That tigers thirsted for his blood,
That soon their prey was gained.

The tongue that never plead in vain,
Yet unpronounced his doom ;
As erst could breathe th' impassioned strain,
Ere silent in the tomb.

Nor courtly pomp, nor grandeur could
Intimidate the man,
And thus the overwhelming flood
Of eloquence began.

(Entwine thy wreath, O Poesy,
To give it there a place ;
And fresh may it for ever be,
Thy lofty brow to grace.

Attempered to thy heavenly art,
Majestic 'twill appear ;
Expand the philanthropic heart,
And start the generous tear.)

“ My lord, you ask your culprit why
He should not suffer death ;
What farce, what specious mockery !
My lord, 'tis wasted breath.

“ Your plan's concerted, 'tis decreed,
Then wherefore need reply ?
'Tis yours my destiny to read,
'Tis mine to nobly die.

“ But spare, my lord, your chastening rod,
Your heavy judgment stay ;
Ere Emmet's body press the sod,
He has a word to say.

“Yea, much, I solemnly aver,
May yet this tongue employ ;
I'd vindicate the character
You labour to destroy.

“When I have left your venal court,
And you've despatched the prey ;
When to a more congenial port,
My spirit wafts away ;

“When I have joined the martyred bands
Of heroes, firm and true,
When midst them all my spirit stands
A fellow-martyr too—

“Oh may my memory still survive,
Pure and untarnished then,
For though I die, my name shall live
To cheer my countrymen.

“What though the work you would confound,
The field and scaffold wet,
My lord, they'll rally at the sound,
And strike for freedom yet.

“ United action—they are free,
Smile on, my lord, 'tis true ;
To witness it, though not for *me*,
Is left perchance for *you*.

“ Say not, ‘ You idly speculate,
Fanatic of a youth,’
Well do I know my country’s state,
And speak the sober truth :

“ The cloud is gathering on your brow,
My lord your vengeance save,
Think ye I’d utter falsehood now,
When pressing to the grave ?

“ Desist ! one only boon I seek,
And will you silence me ?
Permit a dying man to speak,
Nor shame humanity.

“ Adjudge me guilty of your laws,
Methought a judge might bear,
And when a prisoner plead his cause,
His vindication hear.

“ But where your vaunted clemency,
When fain my lips you'd seal ?
Such justice I can scarcely see,
Or else my heart's of steel.

“ Before a higher court, my lord,
We all must shortly stand,
And soon shall punish or reward,
The same impartial hand.

“ Whose motives were the purer, then,
Mine, or my country's foe ?
Though now obscure to blinded men,
Assembled worlds shall know.

“ Desist again ! humanity,
Say whither hast thou flown ?
For justice, 'twould appear to me,
My lord had never known.

“ 'Tis charged, ' that menial tried to sell
His country's liberty ;'
For what ?—Your menial knows too well,
To suit your own decree.

“ Not deeply versed enough in art,
To make his land a tool ;
Far be it from an Irish heart,
To wish more foreign rule.

“ ’Tis charged, ‘ ambition urged me on,
Her dearest rights to sell.’
My country, no ! thy dying son
Might love those rights too well.

“ With thine oppressors did I aim
To hold a bloody share ;
My education, rank, and fame,
Might well have placed me there.

“ My country, ’twas a sacred shrine,
I knelt but to adore ;
It never, never could be mine
To idolize it more.

“ What care I, though my life’s the price ?
That life shall she receive ;
Though but an humble sacrifice,
’Tis all her son can give.

“The cause as treason you may brand,
That erst engrossed my soul ;
And mine has been a noble stand,
The ‘ keystone’ of the whole.

“Conspiracy, ay, call it such,
And me its life and blood ;
You do me honour overmuch—
The appellation’s good.

“Transcendent intellect may boast
The philanthropic band ;
Minds, too, ’mid that fraternal host,
That could your own command.

“What boots it though it cost you pain,
Your self-esteem should quake,
When such there are who would disdain
Your blood-stained hand to shake.

“You shall not heap upon my head
The blood this strife has spilt ;
I would not have the world, when dead,
To brand me with the guilt.

“ Let one great reservoir contain
The labour of your sword,
The blood of helpless fellow-men—
And swim in it, my lord.

“ Do spirits of departed worth,
In yon Elysian state,
Regard the one most dear on earth,
His cares participate ?

“ Oh, ever venerated shade
Of my departed sire !
And art thou then acquainted made
With scenes that here transpire ?

‘ By thee my conduct, sainted one,
With scrutiny be viewed,
And see if e’er thy suffering son
Has erred from rectitude ;

“ If other principles than thine,
In youth implanted here,
Have ever swayed this breast of mine,
Or marked this brief career.

“ Your culprit’s blood you can congea
By no terrific show ;
Still through its native channels, still
Unruffled, warm the flow.

“ Ye thirst for it, mistaken men,
A little patience yet ;
A few more words remain, and then—
And then my sun has set.

“ My lamp of life but dimly burns,
And finished soon my race ;
The weary to the grave returns,
To find a resting-place.

“ One boon I crave, one sole request,
Departing from the earth ;
Let in the grave of silence rest,
The name of injured worth.

“ Let no man write my epitaph ;
A free-born soul alone
Should raise a voice in my behalf,
When hushed in death my own.

"Such dares not—but 'tis not for you
My motives to rehearse ;
Your ignorance would misconstrue,
Your prejudice asperse.

"Yes, let myself and them repose
In silent, peaceful gloom,
Till friends, instead of bitter foes,
Inscribe my lowly tomb ;

"Till other times, and other men,
Can reprobate your laws ;
Can justify my character,
And plead a righteous cause.

"When Erin, now a cowering slave,
Shall spring to freedom's birth,
To tread upon the tyrant's grave,
To realize her worth ;

"To rank among the nations ; when
She bows the knee to none ;
Then be it written, nor till then—
And now, my lord, I've done."

The gush of feeling ceased, his brow
Was calm serenity ;
He felt the load removed, and now
It but remained to die.

Ye led him forth, deluded men,
Ye led him forth to die ;
One prayer for poor Hibernia, then
Complete your tragedy.

Ye led him forth—the martyr fell
Beneath an iron rod ;
Cursed tyranny had pealed his knell,
And Emmet pressed the sod.

The man of highborn, lofty soul,
The man of feeling heart,
Whose tears for human misery
Unconsciously would start ;

The man who graced alike with ease
The cottage or the dome,
Whose presence rendered doubly sweet
The charities of home ;

The man whom science claimed her own,
And dearly prized him now ;
Who wore in dignity of soul,
Her signet on his brow ;

The man of purpose stern and true,
Yet modest of his worth,
Though fortune cast his lot amid
The wealthy of the earth ;

The man who would not kiss the rod,
But tyranny defy ;
Who on the altar of his God
Had sworn to do or die ;

The man who dared assert his right,
The freedom nature gave ;
Who sacrificed his all, because
He would not be a slave ;

Oh, such was he, the pure, the true,
The gifted and the brave—
Doomed to a felon's death, because
He spurned to be a slave.

Oh, Liberty ! the dearest gift
To wretched mortals given ;
The first, the best, the sweetest prize,
Bequeathed to man by heaven !

Oh, godlike spirit ! where wert thou
When fearless forth he stood
To brave the horrid storm alone,
And perish in the flood ?

Say, where wert thou when all alone
He stemmed the torrent wild ?—
Methought I heard a dying groan ;—
It was thy foster child.

Yes, godlike spirit, thou hadst fled
When fearless forth he stood
To seal the charter of his rights,
To seal it with his blood.

But still he felt thy genial sway,
Though death was full in view ;
For thee he threw his life away,
And to the last was true.

Undaunted champion of the truth,
Thy course with zeal he ran ;
And though but blooming into youth,
He lived, and died, the man.

And then his tomb,—there is a spell
About that hallowed spot
Too touching to a feeling breast
To ever be forgot.

For there—I touch a tender string,
The generous tear must start—
His own betrothed is sorrowing ;
It holds her broken heart.*

Thou widowed one, the young, the fair,
The hopes so fondly fed,
Those expectations, warm and bright,
Lie buried with the dead.

* Emmet, at the time of his unfortunate death, was betrothed to the lovely daughter of Curran, who was forced by circumstances into the frivolous amusements of the giddy throng of fashion while her widowed heart was still in the grave of him she loved.

The dream of bliss thy soul entranced,
Its spell but fickle proved ;
It vanished,—'twas for thee to feel
How deeply thou hadst loved.

But calm submissiveness, 'twould seem,
Bespeaks thy pensive eye ;
Alas ! we cannot read the heart—
'Tis grief's own mockery.

Thy face may wear a borrowed smile,
And aye with feeling glow ;
But still it is but borrowed, still
But mockery of wo.

Ah, what to thee the mazy dance,
The witchery of song ?
The full-toned cadence, as it rolls
The vaulted dome along ?

Think you that courtly blandishments
Can soothe her cares to rest ?
Oh say, can gaudy pageants cure
The canker of the breast ?

Ah no—the malady within
Is seated strong and deep ;
She heeds them not,—to her it seems
A luxury to weep.

There is a spot, to her more dear
Than groves where late she roved ;
That spot, it is a grassy mound,
The grave of him she loved :

'Tis here she lingers till the eve
Its lengthening shadows casts,
And memory with its spell awakes
The music of the past.

She withers from the stalk away,
A pure and lovely thing ;
Affection never can decay,
Nor cease its sorrowing.

And there she sits, to cherish still
Bereavement's keenest dart ;
For while it holds his fond remains,
It holds her broken heart.

Yes, Emmet's tomb ! there is a spell
About that hallowed spot,
Too touching to a feeling breast
To ever be forgot.

It is the grave of highborn hopes,
The grave of injured worth ;
And oh ! it holds the pure, the true,
The beautiful of earth.

It is the grave of genius, too,
That nobly soared above ;
It is the grave of plighted faith,
Of pure and constant love.

Land of my sires, embalm his name ;
Oh, weave it round the heart ;
And when you breathe it, let the tear
Of grateful pity start.

Oh, let its magic spell be cast
Around the cheerful hearth,
And bid instruction's daily page
Immortalize his worth.

Oh, let your offspring whisper it
 When cradled on the knee ;
And when the hour of vigorous youth
 Succeeds to infancy ;

And when affection's purest tear
 Is glistening in their eye ;
And when in simple heart they ask
 Why he was doomed to die :—

Oh, paint ye then your bitter wrongs
 In that auspicious hour,
And bid them curse, in after days,
 Yes, curse despotic power.

Unseal ye thus the fount of grief,
 And ere that fount be dry,
Oh, stamp its lasting impress there,
 On childhood's memory.

For when maturer life comes on,
 With all its anxious care,
'Twill rest within its hallowed cell,
 'Twill love to linger there.

Land of my fathers ! shall his name,
Oh ! shall his name decay ?
Nor grace the brilliant roll of fame—
Erin, his country, say ?

His name decay ! oh, ask it not—
How can his name decay ?
Marble, and gold, and silver, rot—
Of envious time the prey.

But let the sun his glories pall,
The universe decay,
The stars from ether swiftly fall—
Destruction's mighty prey,

Ere Emmet's name, and Emmet's worth,
Have ceased to be confessed,
Or strike a chord of sympathy
In every manly breast ;

Ere poesy has ceased to tune
Her sweet, harmonic lyre,
And in enthusiastic lay
To sing his deeds aspire.

No, to his worth, his sainted name,
Erin existence gives ;
Till highest on the roll of fame
Her martyred Emmet lives.

TO MY MOTHER.

AN ACROSTIC.

MOTHER ! 'tis a cherished name,
And embalmed for ever ;
Round it twines affection's chain,
Youth nor age may sever.
Active life, with all its cares,
Ne'er shall dim its brightness ;
Not when dimmed the eye with tears,
Joyed the heart with lightness.
On my pilgrimage 'twill bless,
Ne'er eclipsed by other ;
E'en when clammy death shall press,
Still I'll think on Mother.

LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

THINE album is a book of flowers,
 Collection choice and rare ;
 Which, plucking from their native bowers,
 Loved ones have planted there.

The azure tints of opening dawn
 Bedeck these fairy things ;
 Theirs is the dew of spangled lawn,
 Or nature's blossomings.

Affection's flowers, of odour sweet,
 This feigned parterre may grace,
 And friendship's flowers thy presence greet,
 Though lowly be their place.

But yet more fragrant than they all,
 And lovelier far to see,
 Are those, dear lady, which I'd call
 The flowers of piety.

THE MUSIC OF THE SOUL.

THERE's music in the summer air,
When birds are on the wing ;
And flowrets sporting with the gale
Their odour freely fling ;

But when the buds of memory shed
Their incense rich and rare,
It is the springtide of the soul,
And music lingereth there.

There's music in the sparkling rill
That sweeps the vale along,
And witching cadence dwelling in
The murmur of its song.

But when affection's lucid tide
Full o'er the heart doth roll,
To wake the hidden sympathies
And feelings of the soul ;

When friendship comes with silver tongue
To dissipate our care,
The heart is woke to ecstasy,
And music lingereth there.

There's music when the shades of eve
The landscape curtain o'er,
And silence settleth solemnly
On rivulet and shore ;

But when religion's holy calm
Invites the soul to prayer,
Then sweeter is the magic spell,
Blest music lingereth there.

THE ROBIN'S LAY.

'Twas a lovely morn in May,
The clouds were tinged with gold,
And nature's green array
A tale of gladness told.

The zephyrs of the south
Came playing round the brow,
And music gushed in sweetest strains
From every leafy bough.

Perched on a woodland tree,
A robin swelled his note,
And more than witching melody
Came from the warbler's throat.

'Twould seem to Nature's King
Its matin lay was given ;
And thus methought it spake,
This chorister of heaven :

“ Thanks for the lovely morn,
 Thanks for the cheering ray,
 Thanks for the music of the bough,
 The gleaming of the spray !

“ God of creation fair !
 So bountifully free !
 All in thy goodness share,
 To the tiny bird like me.

“ Once as a helpless thing
 In my little nest I lay ;
 Thou gavest food to the famishing,
 And saved from the bird of prey.

“ And now I can spread my wing,
 And sport in the shady groves ;
 I'm not as the cagebound prisoner,
 That sorrows for all it loves ;

“ But skipping from tree to tree,
 Afar from the haunts of men,
 A creature of joy and liberty,
 I sing in my narrow glen.

"I sing in my narrow glen,
Perched on a sunlit tree,
Where all the feathery choir may hear
My heartfelt melody.

"And when autumnal winds
Shall scatter the leaves about,
I'll sit me then on the naked branch
To carol my tribute out.

"For I will not be like man,
So sad in the hour of gloom,
But wait in patience the happy time
When nature again shall bloom.

"The storm may gather round me,
The snowflakes thick may come,
But a Father's gracious hand
Will give my daily crumb."

THE ROSEBUD.

WITHIN a neat and choice parterre
 A parent rose was blooming fair,
 With bud of promise closely pressed
 As infant to its mother's breast.
 The sun had dimmed his cheering ray,
 The chorister had hushed his lay,
 And showery drops were falling free
 Upon the wide-extended lea ;
 The bud had something to disclose,
 And thus addressed the parent rose :

" 'Twas always hidden from my view
 What good this pattering rain could do ;
 I own I like the sunny ray—
 It makes creation blithe and gay ;
 I own I like the zephyr's kiss—
 It makes my bosom bound with bliss ;

But then this gloomy pattering rain,
It bends me to the earth again."

"My child," the parent rose replied,
"Be mine the pleasing task to guide ;
But let the ignorance of youth
Give place to candour and to truth,
And be not hasty to decree,
Nor censure where you cannot see.
You own you love the sunny ray,
Because it makes all nature gay ;
And yet beneath its scorching power
If you were placed a single hour,
The little bud, its parent's pride,
Would wither quickly from my side.
You say you love the zephyr's kiss,
But then, my child, remember this—
That though the zephyrs gently play,
They steal your fragrant scent away ;
And having robbed you of your own,
The silent thieves are swiftly flown.
You often say you'd like to be
As fine and tall a rose as me ;
You often praise my crimson hue,
And wish you were as handsome too—

It was not by the zephyr's kiss
Your much-loved parent came to this ;
It was not by the sun again,
My dear, 'twas by this pattering rain ;
It caused the little plant to grow,
E'en though it often bent me low :
A better friend I never had
Than that which treats my child so bad."

'Twas then the bud replied again,
"I love the rain ! I love the rain !"

MORAL.

The world, so captivating fair,
Must often prove a bitter snare ;
While every stroke of Providence,
Mysterious to the eye of sense,
The Christian's patience sorely tries,
To prove a blessing in disguise.

STANZAS.

"In all time of our tribulation, in all time of our prosperity, in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment, Good Lord deliver us."

THE LITANY.

WHEN the cup of our being is mingled with sorrow,
 And the sunlight of bliss is eclipsed by the shade;
 When the woes of to-day are but those of to-morrow,
 And hope's cherished flowrets are destined to fade;
 Oh then, we entreat thee, deliver us, Jesus,
 From nature's unholy repinings release us,
 And Gilead's balm in the bosom distilling,
 With sweet consolation the spirit be filling.

When Providence scatters his blessings about us,
 Nor moments of sadness our comforts alloy,
 All peaceful within, and all lovely without us,
 And even existence a daydream of joy;
 Oh then, we entreat thee, deliver us, Jesus,
 From sin and the snare of the spoiler release us,

Oh cause us to hear the sweet voice of the spirit,
And strive the reward of the just to inherit.

When the day of probation is rapidly ending,
And feeble humanity yielding its breath ;
When loved ones are over us tearfully bending,
And smoothing by kindness the pillow of death ;
Oh then, we entreat thee, deliver us, Jesus,
From doubting thy gracious assurance release us ;
Each hope round the cross may we joyfully rally,
While light everlasting illumines the valley.

When the trumpet shall sound to arouse us from slumber,
Of death and the sepulchre victims no more ;
When beings immortal, and countless in number,
Are waiting their doom on Eternity's shore ;
Oh then, we entreat thee, deliver us, Jesus,
From sharing the fate of the wicked release us,
To us may the "crown of rejoicing" be given,
A reconciled God, and the raptures of heaven.

THE BARD OF CALEDON.

TIME has not numbered many fleeting years
Since, mid the wilds of Caledon, there lived
A lonely bard. He had been reared where nature
Wore a romantic aspect, sternly free.
From childhood's sunny hour, he fain could boast
Acquaintance most familiar with her works,
And when the trials of maturer years
Came mantling round his pathway, he was still
A pupil as devoted as before.
Learning, be sure, her broad and ample beam
Had cast upon the nations, but for him
Was not reserved the guidance of her ray,
For penury had marked him for her own,
And bitter was his lot. He could not boast
Of princely blood or high relationship,
For these were paltry honours to the man
Who recognised but nature's noblemen.
And such was he, a nobleman of nature,
If we are measured by the soul within,

As standard of our worth and excellence,
And not by hollow titles of a court :
His soul was princely in its elements,
And had been cast within a lofty mould.
Grand and imposing in its features too,
It bore the impress of divinity.
But nature was his study ; here he loved
To feed the cravings of his highborn powers :
Her foster-child was he.

The mist that hung

Upon his native vale at early dawn,
The lowly thistle to the evening breeze
That bowed its bearded crest ; the mighty oak
That seemed to court the fury of the blast,
The very blast that rocked it ; and the wave
Besilver-tipt with foam ; oh, these were sights
On which he loved to gaze, until at length
His soul to all the beauties was attuned
On which with rapture he would feast the eye.
To him unconsciously, the world within
Assimilated to the world without,
Until his soul was moulded at her will,
In perfect unison with all her works.
And could a mind which bore her lofty impress,
And had been fashioned at her simple bidding,
Remain inactive 'neath her gentle promptings,

So bright, so beautiful the influence?
It could not be. In yonder concave blue,
As shines the satellite resplendently,
Though hazy mists perchance envelope it,
And strive to quench its lustre seemingly,
So in the firmament of mind he rose,
And what could quench the flashes of his genius!
The cloud of prejudice he heeded not,
And nought to him untoward circumstance,
Chill poverty, or cold neglect of earth.
His soul defied eclipse; and there it shone,
While mortals gazed, in adoration wrapt,
Or pined in envy of its lofty height,
Aggrieved to see how other lights grew dim,
Then but a feeble, sickly lustre shed,
And waned at last to nothingness beside it.
It could not be. Go, smother Vulcan's flame,
Or check the eagle's flight, but try not thou
To quench the ardour of aspiring genius,
Or stay the soarings of a highborn soul.
It could not be. He took the lofty lyre,
But 'twas through nature's inspiration, not
To gain the paltry meed of earthly greatness;
A mind of mould like his could never stoop
To such a purpose, vile as pitiful.
He took the harp, and with a careless hand

Its strings he swept, but nature was his guide.
Inspired by her, his effort proved his worth,
And from its silver chords at once he struck
Such touching measures as can never die.

Time rolls his ceaseless, ever-varied round ;
That lonely bard has passed away from earth ;
The grassy mound lies over him ; the rill,
With noiseless murmur, winds his grave along,
As though it feared to break the hallowed calm
Of him who slept beneath in death's embrace.
The lyre he swept,—whose soul-subduing lay
Enlisted all the kindly sympathies,
And woke each slumbering echo of the heart,
Responsive to its call of witchery,—
The lyre he swept has passed to other hands,
But never shall it thrill to touch like his.
No storied urn of marble tells his worth,
No monumental pile records his praise ;
His mausoleum is a nation's heart—
The name of **BURNS** is there embalmed for ever.

MAHOMMED TO HIS TROOPS.

"He left a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale."

To the charge, ye believers, the work is before you,
The heart-stirring techir* already swells high :
Nor loss of existence, brave Moslems, deplore you,
Resolved the stern purpose to conquer or die.

The beams of the crescent shine forth in their glory,
Our green silken banner floats proudly in air ;
Preserve we this action immortal in story ?
Then where is the Moslem who charges not—where ?

Are angels in myriads hovering near ye,†
Encompassing Allah's invincible arm ?

* Techir—war-cry.

† The Koran inculcated a belief in the guardianship of superior intelligences, and a more powerful incentive to manly intrepidity in the field of battle could not possibly have been devised by the crafty impostor of Arabia, intimately acquainted as he was with the structure of the human mind.

Nor dangers impending, nor obstacles fear ye,
By guardians celestial when shielded from harm.

But if, sacrilegious invaders repelling,
And manfully striving, ye fight but to fall,
Oh, listen the voice of Alcoran, foretelling
Aljamnah's* amends will be ample for all.

Aljamnah! thy gates are already unfolding—
Beatitude's regions are full in the view ;
To the charge then! they tremble such prowess beholding,
To God and his Prophet, if Islam be true.

* Aljamnah—Paradise.

THE SABBATH.

HAIL sacred day ! I love thy blest approach ;
Thou to my soul art like the golden beam
That wakes the darkling waters into life.
The smiling flowers ne'er bent more joyfully
Beneath the dewy drops of gentle eve,
Than my own heart beneath thine influence.
Ne'er was the panting hind at babbling stream
More strengthened and refreshed than I have been
When, in the earthly temple of my king,
Engaged in services divine, I've quaffed
The fount that gushes forth from yonder throne.
Then have my feelings been entranced the while
With beatific visions of delight,
And all the grovelling toys of human life
Have disappeared like bubbles on the wave,
And in the real dignity of soul
I've bid earth roll, to fix my grasp on heaven.
Hail, holy Sabbath ! what were earth without thee ?
A desert waste—a howling wilderness—
On which ne'er gleamed a halcyon ray of hope,
To point the wanderer to a better home.

THE VOICE OF THE MOONBEAM.

THE moon in her circuit, wide and free,
Had moved through the spangled canopy,
And the golden orbs, from the ether gone,
Had quenched their light in the deep'ning dawn ;
And the fleecy clouds in the vast expanse
Were roseate now at Aurora's glance.
On the calm blue wave of a limpid stream
There played in quiet a mellowing beam ;
It lingered as bound by a fairy spell,
Nor yet was breathing a last farewell.
At length in a silvery tone it spoke,
And thus on the ear of fancy broke :—
Adieu to the wave, for I may not stay,
But hie to my natal fount away.
The pearly drop on the scented flower
Betokens well my departing hour,
But a tale have I for a mortal's ear
Before I haste from the earthly sphere :
When shades had curtained the hill and vale,
And all was hushed but the nightingale ;

When not a breath in the forest stirred,
And nought but the murmuring wave was heard;
The hour of calmness and sweet repose,
The only lethe of human woes;
The hour when man, from his labour free,
May reflect on his final destiny;
When a hallowed calm o'er his heart is thrown,
With nature's stillness in unison;
'Twas then from the silvery fount I sprang,
And the stars in a fairy cadence sang;
The light-winged zephyr of balmy sigh,
Imprinting a kiss as I bounded by;
And the flowret smiled in my mellow light,
Through the tears distilled from the eye of night.
Afar, where the ocean flings his spray,
I saw two lovers together stray;
Awhile on the pebbly beach they stood
To gaze and muse on the moonlit flood;
And then I heard the impassioned vow,
As the kiss was pressed to the maiden's brow,
And the softest numbers of passion roll
In the deep wild gush of a youthful soul;
And I knew, when the tale of love was done,
That his was the heart of the bright-haired one,
For the warm response of her melting eye
Revealed full well that her all was by.

Through a lattice then was my stealthy peep,
To see the poet his vigils keep ;
The fruits of toil were around him spread ;
He talked with the sprites of the noble dead ;
His fancy soared to the mount of fame,
The laurel wreath, the undying name ;
And he struck from the harp of the golden string
As sweet a lay as the angels sing.
I poured my light in the grated cell,
And the prisoner smiled, for he knew me well ;
Full oft, as a halcyon ray of hope,
I bear his spirit when fainting up,
For I love to whisper of better days,
When green-robed nature shall meet his gaze ;
When earth receives him to mix again
With the hum and bustle of busy men,
While his partner's clasp, and his children's glee,
Are welcoming him back to liberty.
My beam I cast in the abbey aisle,
And the monks I saw in their solemn file ;
Oh, sweet was the chant of the vesper hymn,
With the crosier blest, and the taper dim,
As the incense fume and organ tone
Betokened their nightly orison ;
In dust they knelt for sins unshriven,
And free was the holy offering given.

When earth in her solemn silence slept
The bacchanal still his orgies kept ;
He held the cup to his quivering lip,
For its deadly poison he loved to sip ;
The vacant laugh rose wild and high,
And he rent the clouds with his blasphemy ;
His wife sat up by the dying coal,
And grief was the prey of her wounded soul ;
For he who had vowed her path to bless
Was dooming her thus to wretchedness ;
And a withering blight o'er hopes were cast,
Like the visions of youth, too bright to last ;
Ah ! oft would the thought of her happy home,
Like a seraph of mercy, sweetly come
To whisper of bygone joys, and then
She lived in her father's halls again ;
Once more she sat by the cheerful hearth,
And her innocent heart was light with mirth ;
Once more in glee to the cage she sped,
And sang an air as canary fed,
Or sauntered along in the jasmine bowers,
Sweet converse winging the rosy hours ;
And her little cares were forgot the while
In a sister's kiss, or a brother's smile.
Thus oft would the thought of her happy home
Like a seraph of mercy sweetly come ;

But oh, it was with a maddened brain
When she woke from her dream of joy again,
And deeply felt she was doomed to mourn
For her starving babes, and her hearth forlorn ;—
I've seen it thus in my silvery light,
And oh ! indeed 'twas a rending sight.
I entered a chamber, sad and lone,
And forth there issued the dying moan ;
I knew the phantom was hovering there,
By the hard-drawn breath of the sufferer ;
'Twas a fair-haired boy—the flowers of spring
Had called him out at their blossoming ;
The vale had echoed his merry song—
He plucked them up as he danced along,
Then off to his home, with a nosegay fair,
Was the innocent boy of the auburn hair,
And his eye was bright as in truant glee
He threw the gift on his mother's knee :
But now, when faded the flowers of spring,
Her beautiful bud lay withering ;
She listened to hear him lisp her name,
And faint the endearing accents came ;
The hand she clasped was stiffening now,
And the death-damp stood on his marble brow ;
His guileless spirit had passed away
To a better sphere and a brighter day.

He moulders now in the silent clod,
And the willow kisses the grassy sod,
And the rose-tree, plucked from his own parterre,
Is shedding its sweetest odour there ;
But the seraph has fled to his native heaven,
And a harp of gold to his hand is given ;
For his sainted soul, as a spotless gem,
Shines out in his Saviour's diadem.
I've mingled among the giddy throng,
The sons of wine, and the sons of song ;
I've cast my ray in the myrtle grove,
And heard the lay of enraptured love ;
But when to the humble room I sped,—
Where nought was heard but the mourner's tread,
Or the heartfelt gush of a mother's prayer
Broke out in sobs on the midnight air,—
And kissed the brow of the young and fair,
Reclined in death as an angel there ;
Oh ! then was earth with its joys forgot
In the deep low calm of the magic spot.
Adieu !—to my natal fount away—
The skylark soars with its matin lay.
Adieu !—ye have heard the tale I tell—
To earthborn mortals, farewell ! farewell !

H O R A T I U S.

THE following poem is founded on an affecting incident in Roman history. The Romans were engaged in contest with a neighbouring people. On one occasion, when the armies of the respective combatants were arrayed front to front, it was discovered that three brothers were enrolled in the ranks of each. Tinged with superstition, and attributing a coincidence so novel to the immediate agency of their divinities, they could not but suppose that the issue of the engagement would depend on the youths in question. Accordingly, it was agreed they should enter the lists together, while their respective countrymen, as silent spectators, awaited in suspense the termination of the engagement, or cheered them by acclamation to the strife. The three Horatii of the Romans joined hands with the three Curatii of their enemies, and soon but one Horatii survived the bloody fray. Despoiling the vanquished foe, he entered the city of Rome amid the joyful acclamations of the inhabitants, laden with his trophies. The sister of the conqueror had been betrothed to one of the Curatii; and no sooner had she beheld the garments of her deceased lover, than her frantic cries and shrieks rent the air with terror. Horatius, unwilling to have his triumphal entry into his native city thus marred by sorrow, indignantly plunged a dagger into her innocent breast, exclaiming, "Now join your lover in the shades below!"

Whether this narration in Roman chronicles be blended with the fabulous or strictly true, is immaterial in the case before us--the incident is still a thrilling one.

Unfolding are the massy gates
Of vast imperial Rome ;
An anxious multitude awaits
To greet the victor home.

Alike the cheerful torches beam
From hut, and lofty dome ;
Aloft in air the pennons gleam,
To greet Horatius home.

And dropt the fasces now forsooth,
A truce to grief for glee,
As age besports with gladsome youth,
And joins the revelry.

And breathing forth the pontiff's prayer,
Within the sacred fane,
As immolated victims there
With blood the altars stain,

The passer-by of forum views
Its dense, commingling crowd ;
Nor long ere such transporting news
Elicit pæans loud.

And well that congregated host
May swell a chieftain's praise ;
And well his martial virtues boast
Whose brow receives the bays ;

For three of daring soul at last
Must to his prowess yield ;
Who when the lengthsome strife was past
Lay stretched the crimsoned field.

And how his country's deadly foes,
The three Curatii, fell ;
And of the war's triumphant close,
Let but his trophies tell.

And though perchance for two compeers,
A lamentation pours,
The joyful thought will dry such tears,
That yet Rome's eagle soars ;

And wings the royal bird as high
As e'er her heavenward flight ;
And can again the storm defy,
Emblazed in glory's light.

But hark ! what mean those martial notes
Which float upon the air ?
Methinks the triumph it denotes,
Horatius must be there.

And here he is, that gallant one,
Amid the joyous throng ;
And o'er the yielding shoulders thrown,
He bears his spoils along.

The flowing vest, of gaudy hue,
The casque, and burnished spear,
The chain that graced the vanquished too,
Of chafed gold appear.

And by his side an aged sire,
With hoary locks, attends,
Whose feeble "Io" still may higher
For such a son ascend ;

And, fondly gazing on the chief,
'Twould seem some magic spell
Had sealed the fountain of his grief
For two who bravely fell.

'Twould seem the memory of the lost
Had vanished quite away,
Or else he heeded not the cost
Of this triumphal day.

But think not that he offered up,
To grace his country's shrine,
The blooming offspring of his hope—
To tearless say, "They're thine."

Oh, think not that such hoary head
Could boast a heart of steel;
Effaced the memory of the dead,
But for the living feel.

But why indulge in sorrow now,
Or steep in briny tears?
And sadness gather on the brow,
Nor join the public cheers?

Then join the shout, thou aged sire,
Nor aye from joy refrain;
But swell thy feeble "Io" higher,
That yet may one remain.

Hark! heard ye not a bitter wail
Of frantic-like despair?
Such sighs as those which fill the gale
Bespeak a mourner near.

And where that slender maiden hies,
With all the lightning's speed ?
And why such grief-betokening cries
The gazing throng unheed ?

O'er features of the finest mould
An ashy paleness spread ;—
What tale of wo wilt thou unfold,
Thou semblance of the dead ?

The locks her snow-white temples grace,
Those locks dishevelled fall ;
And might that idiotic gaze
The stoutest heart appal.

Through yielding crowds she makes her way,
Unconscious of the deed ;
The affrighted throng, without delay,
Instinctively recede.

And reaches now that Roman chief,
And bends before him low,
And thus, in plaintive tones of grief,
Unbosoms all her wo :

“ And is it true my lover fell
Upon the field of strife ?
Believe I cannot, though they tell
Horatius took his life.

“ A brother strike the fatal blow,
And with it level me !
And break his sister's heart !—not so,
It cannot, cannot be.

“ Horatius, whence that starting tear ?
Our sire has give consent ;
But oh ! the hour is past, I fear,
Our union to cement.

“ Unearthly sounds this ear assail,
My sanguine hopes condemn ;
A spirit whispers, ‘ Bears the gale
Thy lover's requiem !’

“ His requiem ! foul imp, depart !
Why, such a thought I'd scorn !
His requiem !—my bursting heart !—
This cursed, cursed morn !

“ Jove was his guardian and his shield,
And nerved with strength his arm ;
That noble soul might never yield,
And furies could not harm.

“ Horatius, don't they all deceive
About his funeral urn ?
They only want to see me grieve—
They know he'll soon return.

“ Oh ! haste to soothe this aching breast,
And from destruction save ;
Return, and lull my cares to rest—
Who says I madly rave ?

“ Feronia rave ! 'tis impious !
O say it not again—
A fury would not torture thus !
'Twill craze my very brain !

“ Thy robe, thy robe, beloved name !—
And is the dead despoiled ?
The trophy of a brother's fame,
At which these hands have toiled !

“ O heart of steel ! ’tis o’er, ’tis o’er—
A sister’s at thy feet ;
Her wish but one, she asks no more,
That robe’s her winding sheet.”

In wrathful mood the hero stood,
His eye vindictive glared ;
And laboured then the deed of blood,
For which his hand prepared.

“ What ! tarnish my triumphal day
With lamentation sore ?
Fanaticism to display !
Avaunt ! I hear no more.

“ Tush ! to my knees nor wildly cling,
Nor supplicate, ’tis vain,
For whether weal or wo it bring,
Know thy betrothed is slain !

“ Feronia, once again, ’tis done !
I charge thee, hence ! away !
Or Orcus, ere to-morrow’s sun,
Shall boast a double prey.

"This dagger is your lover's too,
Infatuated, know!"
And to his purpose sternly true,
He struck the fatal blow ;

Within that maiden's snowy breast
Implunged it to the hilt.
Thy hellish plan completed, rest—
A sister's blood is spilt.

Oh! when in death that head was bowed,
"My brother!" on her tongue ;
And through the horror-stricken crowd
Loud imprecations rung.

Then aye, well might thou inly quail,
As gazing on the dead ;
For they who hither came to hail
Heaped curses on thy head.

One moment, Rome's exalted son,
On Fame's high pinnacle ;
The next, that fatal act when done,
And thou for ever fell.

One moment, and a father's eye
Enkindled at thy charms ;
The next, he bids the monster fly,
And spurns thee from his arms.

And now, o'er late exulting Rome,
The pall of grief o'erspreads ;
But most within the chieftain's home
Is sorrow for the dead.

S T A N Z A S

ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM WHITE, THE VENERABLE
BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

He's gone—thy bulwark, Israel, gone !
His work of love and labour done !
The king's revered ambassador
Shall plead with dying man no more.

Come, gather round your father's bier,
To shed the consecrated tear ;
Come, stricken household, mourn his loss,
That sainted champion of the cross.

The well-tried warrior of the field
The crown exchanges for the shield ;
And gladly lays his armour by,
To tread celestial plains on high.

He wielded well the spirit's sword,
To fight the battles of the Lord ;
And after threescore years of strife,
In peace departs this mortal life.

In peace ? oh, yes—his faltering tongue
In death Emmanuel's praises sung ;
He went in very rapture hence,
To claim the bright inheritance.

As Canaan on his vision gleamed
His eye with heavenly lustre beamed ;
He tasked his energies to cry,
“ 'Tis charming, charming, thus to die !”

But ere his sainted spirit fled
The church commended to its Head,
For Zion breathed a fervent prayer,
Then joined the church triumphant there.

Oft had he wished the day of rest
Might number him among the blest ;—
The Sabbath dawned—it bade him rise—
And introduced him to the skies.

Now, clothed in grief's habiliments,
Zion her watchman's loss laments ;
And tears of bitterness are shed
Full oft above the sainted dead.

Sweet are his slumbers, calm and deep ;
Oh, does he not in Jesus sleep ?
Nor pain, nor grief, his spirit knows :
Believers, hence your comfort flows.

Nor yet deplore him, for 'twere vain ;
For him, to die was endless gain ;
But leave him there, and bid farewell,
Till sounds the trump of Gabriel.

S T A N Z A S.

"The rolling year is full of thee!"

THOMSON.

HAVE you seen the gay sunlight, so laughingly beaming
 Upon the green robe of the valley beneath,
 And blending its hues, so effulgently streaming,
 O'er tree of the woodland, and flower of the heath?

HAVE you seen the low glen when it woke in its gladness
 To catch the sweet matin of silvery tone?
 And did not your brow lose the shade of its sadness,
 To make the rejoicing of nature its own?

AND did not the landscape, so teeming with beauty,—
 No vision with fancy was ever more rife,—
 Awaken each feeling to God and to duty,
 And seem to inspire you with newness of life?

Have you seen the bright orb, when his circuit was over,
 Betinge the faint cloud with a beautiful hue,
With purple and gold his pavilion to cover,
 And kinglike in majesty sink from the view ?

Have you seen the dun twilight steal over the mountain,
 And lengthening shadows creep over the lea,
And stillness bemanter the murmuring fountain,
 That leaped from its cove as if sportive in glee ?

And did not a calmness in unison render
 The current of feeling more gently to roll ?
And did not a scene so romantic and tender
 Infuse its blest harmony into your soul ?

Oh, has not the tide of base passion subsided,
 And finer emotions enkindled within ?
The moment was hallowed, for then you decided
 To check the first risings of impious sin.

Each thought of the mind was then checked in its wandering,
 And cast as by magic in purity's mould,
While self for the time was forbidden an entrance,
 And subtlety loosened its viperous hold.

O breathes there a man who can gaze on creation,
In holiest aspect, or loveliest mood,
Nor feel himself wrapt in devout adoration,
Nor find himself nearer the Author of good ?

O lives there a being who, treading her carpet,
And lifting his eye to her welkin of blue,
Can listen unmoved to her voice of enchantment,
Nor find in his bosom an echo as true ?

THE SOLILOQUY OF NATURE.

WHEN Nature, old dame, first concerted the plan
To build a fair dome for the dwelling of man,
As a good master-workman, she counted the cost,
And balanced minutely the profit and loss ;
Bestowed on the subject a leisure survey,
And weighed all the wants of a creature of clay ;
His qualities measured with scrupulous care,
And nicked on her rule the proportions they bear.
At last, when his figure so nicely was hit,
She straightway proceeded to turn off a fit,
But to keep herself company till she was done,
The thoughts through her noddle were suffered to run,
Which thus to soliloquy soon found their way,
As the bard noted down what her worship might say :
(But oh, had she known he was there, let me tell,
You had not been reading her fine bagatelle ;

But Mercury lent him his sword, it is true,*
And thus the poor rhymer was hidden from view—
A weapon, you sooner or later must know it,
Which frequently graces the hand of the poet ;
We therefore advise you to keep a look-out,
For fear you get hit in this flourish-about ;
And should you esteem it a mischievous prank,
'Tis not very soothing to charge it to blank,
Although, it is true, on this very account
You can fill up the order to any amount.
Well, now to the subject—I tried to begin,
Though digression is not an original sin ;
You have my apology, candid and free,
So listen with candour and freedom to me.)

“ Well, since I’ve attempted a marvellous feat,
My efforts shall be a chef d’œuvre complete ;
For censure there shall not be even a flaw,
As poor dying critics will cling to a straw ;
But truly, I know how the matter will be,
Though the job when completed’s the thing to a T ;

* Mercury, in Roman mythology, is represented as possessing remarkable dexterity in stealing ; the gods were continually subject to his depredations. From Mars he purloined a small-sword, which, when grasped, had the property of rendering him invisible.

The infidel upstart his eye-glass will take,
And straightway proceed some reflections to make,
And then when his monitor whispers, it's treason,
Will tartly give answer, ' My eye-glass was Reason.'
His common-sense eye-salve will be of great use
Whenever he wants to be free from abuse ;
And priests will his intellect vainly command,
So long as a stock of the salve is on hand ;
By this he discovers, at merely a glance,
That all of my labour but happened by chance ;
While he who attends to the dictates of truth,
Nor uses the eye-glass of Reason, forsooth ;
Who honestly holds to a Power divine,
Nor wishes his intellect more to refine,
Some gracious cognomen of ' ninny' or ' fool'
Is sure to receive, for transgressing the rule ;
While he who can boast of a similar creed,
A man of bright parts is the fellow, indeed.
But why for a short-sighted critic such care,
When, spite of their efforts, my impress is there ?
An impress, however, they try to efface,
'Twere easy for rational beings to trace.
The stars in their courses shall utter my name,
The lightning and tempest my power proclaim,
And green-mantled earth, in her pleasing array,
The image of Nature shall clearly portray ;

To creatures of reason, the sunshine and storm
But mimic my features, and copy my form.
Oh these are my children, so noble of soul,
That passion or prejudice cannot control ;
Who, open to candour, acknowledge my sway,
And thus all my labour so fully repay ;
And such, for their patents are vested in me,
The lords of creation exclusive shall be."—

But here the poor bard was the butt of Mer spleen ;
The sword missed his grasp, and of course he was seen.

M E M O R Y.

WHEN the light-winged breeze of heaven
Gently o'er the harp-string strays,
Rapture to the heart is given,
Full-toned cadence round us plays.

From the magic chords, so golden,
How the notes of transport roll ;
'Neath its charming spell awakens
All the music of the soul.

But when zephyrs cease to linger,
And the lyre responds no more,
Every tone, in distance melting,
Vibrates sweeter than before.

Then 'twould seem some seraph whispered,
As he winged his upward way,
Till the soft and silvery cadence,
Echoed, gently dies away.

Thus the fine-strung chords of feeling
Ever will responsive be,
When from slumber they are wakened
By the touch of memory.

When the friends of youth are by us,
And our hopes and fears are one ;
When the currents of affection
In the breast commingling run ;

When the hours are winged with gladness,
Each with buoyant pleasure rife ;
When the path we tread is gilded
With the charities of life ;

Then, be sure, the soul is music,
And its notes are joyous too ;
Every heartstring breathing rapture,
To the touch of love is true.

But when friends of youth have parted,
Wanderers on a troubled sea ;
When we view our own true-hearted
In the light of memory ;

When we view the scenes of childhood
In the light of other days ;
When we turn the page of being,
And it meets our longing gaze ;

When the mind reverts with sadness
To the changes time has wrought ;
Loved ones absent—friends departed—
Rising on the troubled thought ;

When we feel that now no longer
Wings for us the sunny hour ;
When we feel that earth has bound us
By its magic tyrant power ;

When we feel that now for ever
All the charm of life is past,
And the shadows of the future
Mantling o'er the soul are cast ;

Then, oh then, the strings of feeling
How they vibrate, sadly sweet,
Till at once each slumbering echo
In the cell of memory meets.

Then, oh then, each chord is rapture—
Blended tones, too sweet to last ;
'Tis a deep, yet chastened, sorrow,
'Tis the music of the past.

THE DYING MISSIONARY.

He laid him down to die. . The morning dawned
 Upon him faint through weakness, and he felt
 The hand of death was on him, and disease
 Was preying on his vitals, but he bore
 The stroke resignedly. 'Tis true, he might,
 In nature's imperfection, sigh to think
 His work was done so soon, and that the grave
 Should claim him for its victim, yet so young
 Enlisted in the service of his master ;
 And that ere more in heathendom should own
 The only God, and bow before his shrine,
 And cast their idols to the "moles and bats,"
 His sun should set. But then the cheering hope
 Would dart across his mind, "My heavenly King
 Can send to labour in his vineyard some
 To me superior, suited to the work,—
 Supply my little nook." It buoyed up
 His fainting soul, such thought as this, and now

He laid him down contentedly to die.

'Tis true, no friends were near him to lament,
Or soothe the couch of pain, or wipe the damp,
The damp of death, from off his clammy brow,
And minister his few necessities.

'Tis true, no parent consolation poured
Into his wounded soul ; no sister's hand
To close the eyes—the limbs compose in death ;
No kindred or acquaintance ; these he had not—
Beyond the flood he left them, when from home,
And all its charities, and fellow-youth,
And more, the object of his fond regards,
The centre of affection strong and deep,
He tore himself asunder. For the word
Of God his Saviour fell upon his ear,
And in a thrilling and imperious tone,
Bade him before another altar bow.

His heart was touched ; he came to Jesus' feet,
An humble suppliant ; assumed the name
Of Christian, and a free-will offering gave
Himself, and vowed he'd bear salvation's news
To pagan lands, and where the crescent beamed,—
The blood-stained cross uprear, the gospel flag
Unfurl, to wave on oriental plains,
Where floats the banner pale of Mahomet.
Such purpose true was high ; incredible

It seemed to most ; while others, scornfully,
“ Fanaticism ” whispered mid themselves.
His family were overwhelmed with grief,
And sorrow brooded the domestic hearth ;—
They had not sought the Lord—these fleeting scenes
Of time absorbed their souls—they had no room :
For God—He was not in their thoughts—religion
In them was nominal ;—no wonder then
They murmured, and repined disconsolate,
And urged him hard to stay, and pressed him sore,
Suggested weighty motives : it was vain—
He vowed a vow, and he would fain perform it.
From home he tore himself away, and sped
To Asiatic plains, and Christ proclaimed,
Christ and him crucified, his constant theme.
They listened to his words, and wondered too,
And then, perchance, conviction’s dart would fix
Some heathen heart, and revelation’s light
Would dawn upon his unenlightened soul,
And bring him to the foot of Jesus’ cross.
They loved their angel, as they fondly called him,
And kindly ministered to all his wants,
And gave the labourer his hire.—He had
Not long to stay among them : two short years
Elapsed, and death’s cold hand was pressing him.
He laid him down to die. They gathered round

His humble couch, and wept in bitterness,
And in simplicity of heart invoked
Their blessings on his head. But there was one
Who near him stood, bedewed above the rest :
He was an aged convert ; one who late
In life enrolled himself beneath the flag
Of Christ, and cast his idols by, and sought
Advice and counsel from his darling youth,
And now he stood to pray he might survive ;
He sang the songs of love ; his aged voice
Would raise a note of praise ; it sweetly fell
Upon the ear, and buoyed up the soul
Of him who lay in agonies of death.
His spirit fled ; for oh ! that youthful saint,
In disregarding sublunary things,
Had laid a lasting treasure up in heaven.
And thus it fled :—he bade the aged man
To sing, “ Oh, Death ! where is thy victory ? ”
And as the notes were swelling, he essayed
To join his voice in unison ; his tongue
Might fail to do the office, for his soul
But lingered on the confines of existence.
His wish was now obeyed ; and when they looked
Upon his heaven-lit countenance they wept,
For he had gone from earth—his soul had fled—
Oh, Death ! he had achieved the victory.

TIME IS ROLLING ON.

“ ‘When I am a man,’ is the poetry of childhood ; ‘When I was a child,’ is the poetry of age.”

“ Yes, time is rolling on,” said a child of flaxen hair,
His graceful ringlets floating free and sportive in the
air,
As the roe he bounded forth, with a brightly beaming
eye,
To gaze upon the mantled earth, the soft and azure
sky ;
And then his gleeful laugh was heard resounding o’er
the plain,
For yet his little heart knew not of sorrow, care, or
pain ;
The sunshine on his noble brow, the bloom upon his
cheek,
The heyday of existence here on earth full well be-
speak.

I asked the little innocent whence sprang his gushing
joy,
For well I knew that something pleased the merry-
hearted boy.

"To-day my father promised me that I should go and
see

The little birds that warble sweet upon the woodland
tree,

The dairy cows that give us milk, and in the valley
feed,

The bleating sheep, with tinkling bell, that crop the
flowery mead ;

He said that he would take me, too, to see the fishes
swim,

And now the time will soon be here when I'm to go
with him ;

'Twill be so fine to clamber up the little grassy hill,
Or watch my tiny vessel sail upon the purling rill,
Or stand to look upon the hive, and honey-making
bee ;

O say, you'd better come, kind sir, along with pa and
me."

"Another time I'll gladly go, my little one," I said,
And could but smooth the sunny locks upon his youthful
head.

How fancy loves to picture bliss, and through creation
roam,

And e'en the head of childhood fill with dreams of joy
to come.

'Tis then she paints in rainbow tints her visions of
delight,

Just like the azure robe of morn, so beautiful and
bright;

Without a single shadow there to wake distressing
fears—

With these her canvass darkens oft when come maturer
years.

“Yes, time is rolling on,” in trembling notes and
low,

Said a pilgrim, leaning on his staff, with hair of driven
snow;

His tottering step bespoke him near the narrow resting-
place

That soon receiveth every son of Adam's dying race.

His arm I gently took, and said, “My father, tell me
why

You uttered those affecting words, as I was passing
by.”

"Look at this palsied frame but once, these bloodless
lips, my son,

And you will see an aged man, whose race is nearly
run ;

An outcast from this world of wo, he feels himself alone,
Like him who tracks his weary way through solitudes
unknown.

In manhood's day the siren song did charm his willing
ear,

He drank the music of her voice, and stopped her notes
to hear ;

And then these earthborn, dying scenes, his anxious
thought employed,

With every fancied dream of bliss, and comfort over-
joyed :

The gaudy toys she offered me transported with delight,
When grasped with foolish eagerness but faded from my
sight ;

The friends she gave me disappeared, and I was left
alone,

To mourn my loss in bitterness, and all my pleasure
flown.

'Twas then I hied me to the fount for sinners opened
free,

For wretches laden with their guilt, for such an one as
me ;

My sin-polluted soul I bathed within the crimson tide
Which flowed in gushing freeness forth from dying
Jesus' side ;

His easy yoke I gladly took, and now I trust I am
A member of his little flock, a follower of the Lamb.
Oh, it has been a pleasant path, the path I since have
trod ;

It needs must be a pleasant road when leading me to
God.

The time is rolling on, when I shall pass the rapid flood,
But need I fear when on its bank the blessed Saviour
stood ?

Heaven opens wide its golden gates, inviting even me—
Yes, time is rolling on, to meet a blest eternity."

I could not speak, my heart was full of what I might
not tell,

And so I bade the aged man a long and last farewell ;
But as I pressed his withered hand I could but breathe
the prayer,

That it might be my happy lot to meet my father there.

WASHINGTON TO HIS TROOPS.

HARK ! the signal gun, its thunder
Floating on the tranquil air ;
Soldiers, rise ! nor fear, nor wonder,
That the enemy are near.

On the might of God relying,
To the foe we'll never yield ;
All their legions still defying,
We can face them on the field.

Think of home, and all its treasures,
Wives and children, parents dear ;
Think of all their plundered treasures—
Can ye then stand idly here ?

They have ground us by oppression,
We awake to feel it now ;
Never be it our confession,
That to England's king we bow.

Can a monarch's soft persuasion
Close the breach, or heal the smart?
Not while in a freeman's bosom
Throbs there still a freeman's heart.

Can the threat of venom'd fury,
Backed by regal power, amaze?
Yes, 'twill do for servile minions,
Freemen have an arm to raise.

Perish every bland entreaty—
Tyrants, they assuage in vain;
Here we bid you wreak your vengeance,
Never shall it forge the chain.

Onward! 'neath that banner rally,
Britons let your courage see;
Onward! to the glorious sally,
Strike the blow for liberty!

TRANSLATION

OF THE NINTH SATIRE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

BY chance through via sacra once I strayed,
 Though 'twas my custom thus to promenade,
 Absorbed in cogitation, nought to do
 But exercise my thoughts, on trifles too,
 But soon, stern fate promulged the dire decree,
 To rouse me from the transient revery.
 A certain some one, known to me by name,
 Up to my lordship quite good-humoured came,
 To grasp my hand, and "Sweetest friend, how do?"
 The interrogative was kind, 'tis true,
 So, "Pretty well at present, sir," said I,
 "And most obedient, aught can I supply?"
 He followed on, "Your business, if you please?"
 He might as well have answered, "Sir, to tease."
 "You know me," quoth the fellow, with a gibe,
 "A member of the literary tribe."

“ On that account you’re more endeared to me,”
(Supposing handling dulce would set me free.)

As I, poor wretch, endeavoured to get clear,
The braggadocio would bring up the rear ;
And now my pace would slacken, quicken then,
Now statue-like I’d stand, now off again,
Nod to my page, and whisper in his ear
Something I know not, what nor he, I fear ;
Cold sweat came oozing out of every pore,
For never was I agitated more.

“ Oh ! blest Bolamus,” inly I exclaimed,
“ For getting rid of such intruders famed.”
The streets and city, eloquent to seem,
He made the glowing subjects of his theme ;
Discussed these topics with transcendent grace,
But nor my lips unsealed, nor stopped my pace.
Such taciturnity perceived the wight—

“ How wretchedly you wish me out of sight,
Forsooth, I noticed it when first we met,
But as you’ll not succeed, ’tis vain to fret ;
I’ll follow in the track, your steps attend,—
In what direction now, kind-hearted friend ?”

“ How needless thus for you to follow me,
Unknown to whom ’tis my desire to see ;
An invalid, beyond the stream he lies,
Near Cæsar’s gardens, lauded to the skies.”

"No urgent business on hand, you know,
And far from lazy, 'tis as well to go."
As now along the narrative we pass,
Imagine to yourself a stubborn ass,
His back subjected to a heavier load,
Smarting the while from his obnoxious goad;
And then I am personified forsooth,
Personified in spirit and in truth.
"Viscus and Varius," continued he,
"Would both as friends be far outshone by me;
My limbs are moved with more than earthly grace,
At poetry, I'm foremost in the race,
And at my singing; put him to the test,
Hermogenes would envy manifest."
Well might I ask him, with imperious tone,
"A mother or relations dost thou own,
Delighting to consult thine happiness?"
"All have I buried—none remain to bless."
"No, you're mistaken—surely I remain;
Despatch the last survivor of the train.
A Sabine granny told me, when a lad,
My destiny were terrible and sad:
Oh, ne'er can I obliterate the look
She gave me when the magic urn was shook;
And oh! her prophecy, nor poison dire,
Removes thee hence, nor hostile sword, nor fire,

Nor lingering gout, nor pleurisy, nor cough,
A babbler, stripling, one day takes thee off.
My child, if aught of wisdom manhood knew,
Such braggadocios would it eschew.”
Already Sol one-fourth his circuit made,
When wandering feet to Vesta’s fane conveyed ;
Here must the fellow answer to his bail,
Or else be safely harboured in a jail.
And now the leech in earnest must begin—
“ Friend, to oblige, a moment step within.”
“ Hang me, in fact, I neither wish to stand,
Nor do I know the statutes of the land ;
’Tis late—I must be expeditious too—
I’m doubtful which to leave, the case or you.”
“ For heaven’s sake, me! ’twill be a righteous deed.”
“ I shall not do it !” and he takes the lead.
I follow, forced his footsteps to attend :
’Tis hard with a superior to contend.
“ Pray, how agrees Mæcenas with you now ?”
Reiterates the fellow, with a bow,
“ His intimates he wishes to be few,
In their selection quite judicious too ;
Who uses fortune more adroit than he ?”
“ You have a fine coadjutor in me,
One who would take the second honour, then
Pray will you introduce this gentleman ?

With my assistance you supplant them all,
If not, then here's my noddle for a ball."

"If such the mode in which you think we live,
Imagination tends but to deceive;

A purer atmosphere with us agrees,
And always strangers to such ills as these.

Does one more knowledge or more wealth possess,
On that account contented not the less,
As each one moves in his allotted sphere."

"Your statement scarce will credence gain, I fear."

"Its truth 'twere easy to substantiate."

"If such the case, companion, you relate,
What kindles dormant energies to flame,
And makes me anxious, on the roll of Fame,
Next to your patron's, should appear my name."

"You merely have to wish it, I confess,
Such merit cannot fail to meet success;
Mæcenæ can be conquered, be assured,
When first are trials in the task endured."

"I'll not be wanting to myself, my friend;
Gifts to his slaves a bribing hand shall lend;
Repulsed to-day, to-morrow I return,—
By sweat of brow our sustenance we earn;
Or should I meet him in the public road,
Politely will escort to his abode."

His speech completed, chances to appear
Fuscus Aristius, a friend most dear,
Who recognised this instrument of fate.
We halt, and "Whence?" and "Where?" reciprocate.
I now begin to pinch, to give the alarm,
To all appearances his lifeless arm ;
I shake my head, and quite distort my eyes,
In scorn he laughs, affecting no surprise ;
Though filled with spleen, a desperate effort more—
"Methinks you intimated once before
You had in private a remark to make."
" 'Tis true, a proper time I like to take.
The thirtieth sabbath would you have me use,
And thus offend the circumcising Jews ?"
"I'm no religionist, you are aware."
"While I, more scrupulous, am bound to care ;
One of the many——pardon me, I pray,
You have my sentiments another day."
Departs the wretch, oh, blackest hour of life !
The innocent again beneath the knife.
But Fortune, changing mistress, quells my fears,
For lo ! the fellow's opponent appears ;
With angry look exclaims vociferous,
"Thou vilest of the vile, why serve me thus ?"
The braggadocio, sharply thus addressed,
"Will you," he asks me, "witness the arrest ?"

My ear I offer ; once again I'm free,
And Pluto's agent safe in custody.
A crowd assembling, shoutings pierce the air,
And thus Apollo freed me from the snare.

MATERNAL LOVE.

"My mother's voice! how often creeps
 Its cadence o'er the lonely hours,
 Like healing, sent on wings of sleep,
 Or dew to the unconscious flowers.
 I can't forget her melting prayer,
 E'en though my pulses madly fly;
 For, in the calm, unbroken air,
 Her notes of love come stealing by;
 And years, and sin, and manhood flee,
 To leave me at my mother's knee."

"MATERNAL tenderness!" "maternal love!"
 Expressions frequent in the mouths of all,
 Though none their import can appreciate,
 As common-place they strike the ear of man,
 Though none their meaning may attempt to weigh.
 "Maternal tenderness!" two words replete
 With what we strive to utter, scarce conceive—
 For where the limits to a mother's love?
 The point in the affections of her soul
 Where cease her yearnings for our future weal?

Where, too, the fount of her compassion sealed,
A mother can compassionate no more ?
Look yonder ; see, in garb of widowhood,
Poor broken-hearted woman : she has lost
Her other half, the partner of her youth ;
Yet that were light—her son is buried too ;
Yet that were light—interred in deep disgrace,
A drunkard's grave received her only hope—
A drunkard broke a mother's tender heart.
And oft, at stilly night, where now she kneels,
The cold, damp grave of that departed wretch,
Absorbs her falling rivulets of grief.
And oft the exclamation has been heard
Proceeding from that consecrated spot,
In loud and bitter tones above the storm,
“ Would God, my William, I had died for thee !”
Oh, woman ! 'tis thy province to forgive,
And bury in the grave those injuries,
Those deep-felt injuries, sustained by thee !
Gaze at this picture once, and tell me then
What bounds encompass such a mother's love ?
'Tis shoreless as eternity, and deep—
As deep as mighty ocean's fathomless.
But need we not bring far-fetched instances ;
For turn our eyes to the domestic hearth,
We find it glows with steady lustre there :

Youth, childhood, infancy, attest its worth.
But oh ! the helpless infancy of man !
This, this it is that puts it to the test ;
Here its vitality is evident,
Its manifesting proof is infancy ;
The starting-point is here, but where the goal ?
For think you not, in Paradise itself,
A sainted mother looks with fond concern
Upon her offspring in this vale of tears ?
Methinks if aught there can augment her bliss,
'Tis to behold them travelling the road
Which terminates at last in heavenly rest ;
Or aught alloy a saint's beatitude,
Eclipsed with shadows of despondency,
To witness them apostatize from God,
And plucking from the seat of memory
Injunctions which a death-bed has imposed,
To bid envelope them Oblivion's wave,
And rush, regardless, to eternal wo.
O yes ! methinks in Paradise it burns,
Burns with a holier and a purer flame.
Behold, poor man, a little stranger here,
Fond refuge ! refuged in a mother's breast.
Behold how with herself identified
This embryo of frail humanity ;
The little cries it utters pierce her heart,

And fain she would participate its grief;
Nor less its playful gambollings elate,
And meet within her breast a warm response;
Lit is her countenance, her sparkling eye
Is all a mother's love upon her child.
No longer time hangs heavy on her hands,
With such a charmer to beguile the hours;
And if by pain its feeble frame is racked,
Or 'neath protracted illness languishes,
Thy lot in every stage of being, man!
With what assiduous care the couch is watched!
Nor day alone, but e'en the hours of night
Will bear their witness that they find her there,
To minister the cordials of relief.
Disturbed its moments—and, with soothing strain,
Her voice is raised to lull the babe to sleep;
And when at length it slumbers, calm and deep,
Afforded thus an interval of rest,
With look intense she gazes on its face,
And thus, on bended knee, the Christian prays,
The Christian mother wrestles with her God!
Oh! what a scene is that! Might angels gaze,
Adore, and with redoubled ardour burn.
List, and her aspiration's burthen hear:—
“O! gracious Parent! low before thy throne
I bow me in obeisance, to entreat

Thy gracious blessing on my first-born son.
O! may his life be precious in thy sight;
Nor yet, if 'tis thy will, remove him hence,
If not, I kiss the rod. Is life prolonged,
'Thou know'st the tenor of his after years,
Though unrevealed to me his destiny.
To thee I dedicate him—oh! assist
To raise him in thy holy faith and fear,
Nurture, and admonition, for 'twere vain,
Devoid of thine assistance, to attempt.
Lord, may he prove a blessing to his race!
Be not his wish distinctive eminence
In earth's renown, or up the steepy mount
Of fame to clamber—on his fellow-man
The foot of stern authority to place,
And act the victor's part—oh! far from this,
Be his the lot of Jesus' followers,
The cross his burden, and his song the crown.
Be his to fight beneath Emmanuel's flag,
And strive to bring the wandering to thy feet.
Temptations are before him, and the foe
Of human kind in ambuscade already;
Be not his prey my boy, but may thy shield,
Impervious to his darts, encompass him.
The world its flowery feast will spread before him,
And oh! her siren song may charm his ear;

Seductive pleasure will await his steps,
To drag him guileless to pollution's haunts.
Thy grace, and virtue can endure the crucible,
And shine as gold by the refiner's art.
Then, then be near, and bid him look to thee,
Cast earth behind, and fix his grasp on heaven.
Nor Satan and the world alone will strive
To gain the mastery ; an evil heart—
Deceitful above all things, who can know ?—
Is linked with these confederated powers.
Secure that heart's affections, and he's safe.
So when he reaches manhood, may I boast,
My highest honour, of a Christian son.
Life's tearful vale enticing then may seem ;
And when the summons of my exit heard,
Beside my couch he'll stand, to minister
The comforts of the gospel to my soul,
And gently soothe my passage to the tomb.
Or should survive thy servant, and in death
His eyelids close, what happiness to know
He left the earth to pass into the skies.
To thee do I commend him—make him thine.”
A mother's love, within a Christian's breast,
Alone dictated such a prayer as that.
And God is pleased to spare the infant's life,
Restore the little sufferer to her breast,

To nestle there in renovated state ;
Nor long it is, e'er those infantile lips
A mother's name shall lisp with tenderness ;
And when those little limbs, so passive now,
Imperfectly though be, perform their part,
When to and fro, around the nursery
They wander, though forsooth with tottering step,
And when achieved the great exploit, he'll sit,
In calm complacency, on mother's knee,
And to her beaming eye his face upturn,
Affection-like, the mirror of his own,
And seem to ask a plaudit for the feat.
Nor long before external things produce
The step by step developement of mind,
Of mighty mind, and reason's bud unfold ;
Till past at length the hours of infancy,
And past, too, those concatenated ills
Thereon attendant, which a mother's love
Alone conceives or can alleviate,
Bright childhood next the little prattler claims.
Now hours the parent spends, to teach her son
The rudiments of knowledge, ceaseless care,
The while subservient to the end in view,
Unwearied diligence successful proves,
And as the little prattler cons the page
Of the new primer mamma kindly gave,

And when his monosyllables to spell
Enabled, leaps with ecstasy of joy,
Predicts the parent of her rising hope,
And views in embryo the future sage.
Beguiled the hours by little books and toys,
Until, of rest the wonted time approach,
She bids him kneel before her, and repeat
“Our Father,”—grown familiar to his ears—
And ere the couch receive him for the night,
A mother’s benediction is pronounced.
Thus years elapse, till school in sterner cares
Invites him fondly to participate ;
He goes, and rapidly advances, too,
Toward education’s goal, thank mother for’t,
For she instilled ambition’s principle,
Ambition honourable, in his breast,
And bade him study hard, and mind his book,
And list the teacher’s counsel and improve ;
And oft in breathless haste he comes to tell
Of his promotion in the largest class,
And how he got the premium for his skill ;
And oft elated, he begins to boast
Of his attainments, for the master says
He never knew a smarter lad than he ;
On him quite lavish of encomiums,
Till mother has to interrupt the strain,

And bids him get his spelling-book, to read,
“A haughty spirit comes before a fall.”
The gentle admonition takes effect,
And teaches to be modest of his worth,
And not too forward be to predicate.
But childhood’s sunny hour is on the wing,
And youthful vigour mans the hero’s breast ;
A higher object now presents itself,
And bids him have all energies awake—
He must retire from academic groves.
Enlisted in the business of earth,
As yet a novice to its pressing cares,
The mother’s love is manifest afresh.
She views, advancing to maturity,
The hope and solace of her future years.
And is he leaving now a parent’s roof,
Her words of counsel fall upon his ear,
As on the fresh-mown grass the morning dew,
Her parting words, and memory embalms them,
“My child, the world’s before you ; you must leave
The long paternal roof for other scenes.
Fain would a parent some advice impart
In taking leave of you : oh ! heed it then,
And let not aught in after days efface it.
The world’s temptations, child, are numberless ;
’Tis yours to wrestle with them, and to put

Your trust in God, and wait the final issue.
I've prayed that you may come off conqueror,
But still I'm fearful—it is critical—
A mother's love must always picture ill,
E'en in the face of safety—nature's weak.
If sinners throw the bait and spread the net,
Thy God can extricate, and save thy soul.
Should words of smooth beguilement on thine ear
Fall gently, and begin to lure simplicity,
Let this supply a parent's watchfulness,
“Should sinners, son, entice, consent thou not,”
On memory's tablet deep engrave it then,
To be thy counsellor; it counsels well,
And is the friend of virtue—virtue chaste,
Morality's co-operator tried :
'Twill keep thee in Religion's narrow path,
Enable thee to live above the world.
Use, not abuse, these sublunary things,
The Bible be thine anchor, and thy chart,
Thy great directory to point the way,
Expose the shoals and quicksands of the earth,
And teach thee how escape them : cling to it,
Palladium of thy soul, thy safety lamp.
Go from thy home, and bear upon thy head
A mother's benediction—know her prayer
Shall still ascend for thee as heretofore.

My words remember—go, and God be with thee !”
And he will go the waves of earth to buffet,
And oft the scene of parting will recur,
And never, till the sun of life has set,
Will he forget it—no, ’twill cheer his heart
In days of trial and adversity,
And ne’er in his affections be eclipsed
The fond remembrance of a mother’s love.

S T A N Z A S

WRITTEN FOR A SABBATH SCHOOL ON THE DEATH OF
ONE OF ITS MEMBERS.

CHILDREN, ye have come in gladness
To your sabbath-school to-day ;
Every brow is free from sadness,
Like the sunlight, blithe and gay.

Health is on your cheek, disclosing
Childhood's pure and ruddy hue ;
And each feature brightly glowing,
As if nought of care ye knew.

Children, ye have gathered round us,
On this morn of sacred rest,
To engage in holy duties,
And with grace divine be blest.

Ye have come with willing footsteps,
Each his comrade glad to meet,
And exchange a loving welcome,
As the well-known face ye greet.

But ye gather here this morning
Not as ye were wont to do ;
Children, ye have need of sadness,
Sorrow heartfelt, deep, and true.

Of your little band of comrades
One there was we see not here ;
Once his gentle eye was beaming,
Once his glowing form was near.

Once he sat where you are seated,
Studied once the sacred truth ;
Bowed the willing knee to Jesus
In the morning of his youth.

And when notes of praise were swelling
Sweetly to our heavenly Friend,
Of his love to children telling,
Of the love that knew no end,

With that hymn his voice was blending,
Crystal teardrops dimmed his eye ;
And the song of praise ascending,
Bore his sonnet to the sky.

But that voice hath hushed its whisper,
And that eye is glassy now,
And that glowing frame is passive—
Death's own stamp is on its brow.

Children, ye have lost a comrade ;
He is numbered with the dead ;
For the silver cord is loosened,
And the spotless spirit fled.

His was not a death of terror ;
He was not afraid to go :
Conscience whispered peace within him,
Peace the world may never know.

Angels watched his dying pillow,
And unfolded scenes of bliss ;
Angels bore him in their bosom
To a brighter world than this.

Have you seen a scented flower
When the sun has left the sky,—
Creature of a passing hour,—
Fold its tender leaf and die?

So this little bud of promise,
Though as beautiful and gay,
Ere its sweets were half unfolded
Withered from its stalk away.

But 'tis blooming, yes, 'tis blooming
In a garden pure and bright,
Watered by a heavenly river,
Nursed amid celestial light.

Children, you must follow after;
Each and all of you must die;—
Yours may be as brief a sojourn,
And your life as soon may fly.

But if you will follow Jesus,
Death, how soon soe'er it come,
Will but make you free from bondage,
God your father, heaven your home.

S T A N Z A S

ON THE DEPARTURE OF A BELOVED PASTOR TO EUROPE,
FOR THE RECOVERY OF HIS HEALTH.

Yes, we have parted, and thy last adieu
Has touched each hidden chord of sympathy ;
Thy form beloved no longer greets the view
Of those whose blessings e'er shall follow thee.

And 'twas a solemn parting, for thy face
Disclosed the feelings thou wouldst fain control ;
As words, for very poverty, might fail
To clothe the hidden language of the soul.

And there, around the shepherd of the fold,
Clustered the objects of his fondest care,
The chastened counsel of his lips to hear,
Or in the blessing of their loved one share.

For he who brake to them the bread of life,
And led their footsteps in the narrow way ;
Whose holy walk adorned the truths he taught,
While every act the Spirit's fruits display,

Was now to leave the circle of his love,
Leave them, perhaps, to see their face no more,
Till, summoned by the dead-reviving trump,
They stand together on the eternal shore.

Yet knew he 'twas the providence of God
Had dealt his servant the afflictive blow ;
And now 'twas his to meekly kiss the rod,
And calm submissiveness beneath it show.

We parted—and the waves of ocean roll
Between a pastor and his loving flock.
May He who can the raging deep control,
Be still his fortress and abiding rock.

For him full oft, from each domestic hearth,
Goes up the heartfelt consecrated prayer ;
And in devotion's calm sequestered hour,
We doubly cherish his remembrance there.

His fervid zeal, and unobtrusive worth,
Which both the Christian and the man portray,
To recollection often shall recur,
When he, loved pastor, shall be far away.

O may the Being who does all things well,
In mercy great resuscitate his frame,
And bring him safely to his flock once more,
To tell the wonders of a Saviour's name.

LINES.

WHEN tossed upon the deep
Of life's eventful sea,
A troublous course we keep,
In dread uncertainty.

When hope's benignant light
No longer shines afar,
And hidden from the sight
The Christian's polar star ;

When stormy winds assail,
And tempests rudely blow,
While mingle with the gale
The broken notes of wo—

How would the heart rejoice,
And hope the bosom fill,
To list the silvery voice
That whispers, "Peace, be still."

Would sunlight tinge the cloud
That hides a Father's face,
And cheer the spirit bowed,
With rainbow hues of grace ;

Would e'en a single ray
But dart athwart the gloom,
And with a brighter day
The hemisphere illumine ;

Then incense to the throne
Would joyfully arise ;
The spirit cease its moan,
And faith embrace the skies.

And shall the tempest last,
And all my toil be vain ?
Or shall I at the last
The destined haven gain ?

Dear Jesus, shall I e'er
Outweather such a sea ?
Or shall I still despair
In nameless agony ?

Oh ! shall the port of peace
These longing eyes rejoice,
And all surmisings cease
Before a Saviour's voice ?

Yes, traveller on the deep,
By storm and tempest driven,
Thine eye may cease to weep—
There's rest for thee in heaven.

Oh ! when the waves are high,
And every hope is riven,
Then think the hour is nigh
When thou shalt rest in heaven !

There, anchored safe at last,
With sin forgot, forgiven,
Life's conflicts shall be past,
And thou secure in heaven.

THE PRISONER'S RETURN,

I'm free ! I'm free !—the galling bond
No longer shall detain ;
I'll hie me to the purple heath,
And be myself again.
I'll revel in the balmy air,
And proudly call it mine ;
And gaze on scenes than life more dear,
The cottage and the vine.

My native land, thy banished son
Again returns to thee,
His every sorrow to forget
In kindred sympathy.
Around his memory childhood's joys
How tenderly they twine,
As fancy paints with golden ray
The cottage and the vine.

I wonder if it still is there,
 The good old beechen tree
Beneath whose shade I whiled away
 My rosy infancy.
I wonder if the rivulet
 As gently winds along ;
And trills as sweet its matin lay
 The feathered child of song.

My parent, is thy brow impressed
 With marks of anxious care ?
And are the snows of winter shed
 Upon thy raven hair ?
Ah ! feebly hast thou tottered forth,
 No son to guide thy way,
And felt how drear was loneliness
 In life's declining day.

My boy, I yearn to look at thee,
 Affection's pledge thou art ;
But ever as I image thee,
 The scalding tear will start ;
For she who blest me with her love,
 And gave my idol birth,
In more than angel loveliness
 Has passed away from earth.

• Ah ! ~~often~~ hast thou strained thine eye
Across the heaving main,
To think, in heartfelt bitterness,
I would not come again ;
And then, methinks, beside her grave
Thy little feet would stray ;
But dimmed in death the lustrous eye
That laughed thy griefs away.

I come to thee, my loved one,
And, fondled on my breast,
The cares that now harass thy heart
Shall all be lulled to rest.
Thou casket of my future hopes,
The best and dearest tie
That binds me to this fleeting scene
Of guilt and misery !

My quiet home, through dreary days
And nights of dark despair,
The warm affections of my soul
Have centred only there.
Inhuman man the life may take
His Maker wisely gave,
But, thanks to heaven, the freeborn thought
He never can enslave.

I'm free! I'm free!—the galling bond
No longer shall detain ;
I'll hie me to the purple heath,
And be myself again.
I'll revel in the balmy air,
And proudly call it mine ;
And gaze on scenes than life more dear,
The cottage and the vine.

THERE'S A STAR IN THE WEST.

THERE's a star in the west, and how lustrous its beaming!

The welkin is cheered by the flood of its ray ;
With vigour and warmth it has ever been teeming,
And blessing the vision as sunlight of day.

No longer are despots their maxims concealing,
Through the hazes of error its lustre is stealing,
And the broad line of truth to the spirit revealing,
It guides the benighted, that star of the west.

There's a harp in the west, and its measures are rolling

In fairy-like sweetness, enchanting the ear ;
With a spell, as of magic, the feelings controlling,
In soothing the bosom or starting the tear.

The throne of the tyrant is suddenly quaking,
And earth from the slumber of ages awaking,
And thousands the stillness of midnight are breaking,
And all by the strain of that harp in the west.

Undimmed be that ray in my country's horizon,
Unbroken the string of that patriot lyre ;
And Freedom shall e'en from her ashes be rising,
With one to direct and the other inspire.
O cherish that lay with the warmth of devotion,
Be guided afar by that orb of the ocean,
And safe from the foe or intestine commotion,
The halo of peace shall illumine the west.

MOTHER, HOME, AND HEAVEN.

THE sounds that fall on mortal ear,
As dew-drops pure at even,
That soothe the breast or start the tear,
Are mother, home, and heaven.

A mother—sweetest name on earth—
We lisp it on the knee,
And idolize its sacred worth
In manhood's infancy.

A home—that paradise below
Of sunshine and of flowers;
Where hallowed joys perennial flow
By calm, sequestered bowers.

And heaven—the port of endless peace,
The haven of the soul,
When life's corroding cares shall cease,
Like sweeping waves to roll.

Oh weep not then, though cruel time
The chain of love has riven ;
To every link, in yonder clime,
Re-union shall be given.

Oh ! fall they not on mortal ear
As dew-drops pure at even,
To soothe the breast or start the tear,
A mother, home, and heaven ?

MY BOYHOOD'S DAYS.

Oh, give me back my boyhood-days
My boyhood-days again ;
I cannot paint their brightness now,
Nor knew their value then,

When Fancy wove her magic wreath,
And Hope, the fairy sprite,
As Time sped swiftly on the wing,
But revelled in his flight.

'Tis true, unfurrowed is my brow,
Unsilvered is my hair,
Nor yet the varied ills of life
Have filled my breast with care.

I brood not over time misspent,
To crime or folly given ;
I mourn not deeds of darker hue,
Or bartered hopes of heaven.

(I envy not his cruel fate,
Who, as he muses o'er
The boon of life perverted thus,
But muses to deplore.)

We may perchance have never known
The taint of grosser sin,
While virtue's path directs our feet,
And all is pure within.

Still, who has passed the halcyon hour,
To mix with busy men,
That would not, if the power were his,
Recall that hour again?

Oh, give me back its bounding step,
Its bright and lustrous eye,
Its elasticity of soul,
Of joy, its ecstasy;

Its brow of conscious innocence,
Its wild and gushing laugh;
Oh, give me these, and even then
You do but give me half.

There is a nameless something still,
That lingers round that hour ;
Soft is the influence it sheds,
But magical its power.

My boyhood-days ! for ever gone
Their light, and life, and glee ;
But still I have a treasure yet—
Their hallowed memory.

Adieu ! Earth's busy tumult now
Is gathering on my ear ;
The guileless heart, the spirit true,
Can find no refuge here.

Oh, when I gaze around, and see
The double deeds of men,
I wish, sincerely do I wish,
I were a boy again.

TRANSLATION

OF THE FIRST SATIRE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

How happens it, pray tell me, Mæcenas dear,
None live contented with the station here
Which either chance may in their way have thrown,
Or reason chosen, praising those alone
Whose each employment differs from their own?
“O happy merchant!” here exclaims, in tears,
The veteran soldier, now oppressed with years,
With limbs enfeebled, and with wasted strength,
Worn out by mere excess of toil at length.
The merchant, on the other hand, his ship
Tossed by the fierce south winds upon the deep.
Sure warfare is to be preferred to this
Suspense, anxiety, and wretchedness;
The reason plain, the engagement is begun,
And scarce, indeed, has one brief moment flown,
Ere ’tis decided what my fate may be,
A speedy death or joyful victory.

Praised by the lawyer is the farmer's state,
The urgent client knocking at his gate,
Disturbing, with the cock, his snug repose,
And thus increase his catalogue of woes.
And now but listen to the piteous tale
Of him who, forced to answer given bail,
For town, and town affairs, his farm must leave.
By Jupiter, I verily believe
That they who nearer court reside possess,
And they alone, forsooth, true happiness.
Such instances, however, to detail
The endless talker Fabius would fail ;
Then, lest perchance your humble muse offend
By keeping in suspense, I pray attend
To what conclusion he at once would bring
• The subject thus he undertakes to sing ;
Suppose we, their sincerity to test,
Some god should say " I grant you your request :
Thine office, merchant, to the soldier yield,
Go, and endure the hardships of the field ;
Now let the rustic a civilian be,
His station, lawyer, occupied by thee.
Changed be each avocation for another,
Tread ye this path in life, and ye the other."
Why halt they thus, unwilling to possess
What they consider real happiness ?

Distend thy cheeks in ire, oh father Jove !
Such instability as this reprove ;
Far too indulgent heretofore, declare
That thou no longer lend'st a ready ear
To every foolish whim and childish prayer.
And 'tis but just, all must methinks confess;
The merited desert of fickleness.
But hold, my muse, lest some perchance should say,
" Why treat such matters in a sportive way ?"
As now 'tis known the comic writers do,
If subjects ludicrous are brought to view.
Although what hinders, let me ask, forsooth,
For one good-humouredly to speak the truth ?
Give not good-natured teachers to their boys
To learn their A B C, some trifling toys ?
But off with jesting, as you think it right
To view such matters in a serious light.
Who with the plough the lumpish glebe may turn,
The dauntless soldier who for fame does burn,
The knavish lawyer, and the intrepid tar,
Who, void of danger, fearless sails afar
Through every sea, such I aver, declare,
That thus when labour they submit to bear,
'Tis to provide a competence for age,
And then, when old, retire from action's stage ;

Themselves from trouble and from care release,
To pass the remnant of their days in peace.
Now mark the ant, considered she may be
As emblematical of industry ;
How patiently she comes and goes again,
Adds to her heap, increasing grain by grain ;
Not unaware of the approaching cold,
And not improvident, as has been told ;
Aquarius saddens now the changing year,
No longer does the ant abroad appear,
For sustenance we see her toil no more ;
Wisely she uses her provided store ;
While neither piercing cold nor sultry heat
Can make you from pursuing gain retreat,
Nor ocean, fire, or sword ; your heart's in wealth
In time of sickness, and in time of health.
Him who is richer than yourself you hate,
Think no opposing obstacle too great
To be surmounted, that you may keep pace
With him who now is foremost in the race.
But let me ask a question : of what worth
Is gold or silver hidden in the earth ?
What joy affords the shining heap you've found,
Deposited for safety in the ground ?
Methinks you answer—"Soon would constant use
To a vile mite my priceless wealth reduce."

But if unused, what pleasure can afford,
What comfort, the accumulated hoard ?
A million bushels yields your threshing-floor,—
On that account, your belly holds no more
Than mine, who cannot boast of such a store.
The sack of bread who on his shoulders bare
To deal among the slaves, received his share,
Yet nothing more than he who carried none.
Or say, what difference makes it to the one
Within the bounds of nature who may live,
Whether ten thousand acres he receive,
Or only ten own his contracted sway ?
“ But ’tis a pleasant thing,” methinks you say,
“ If a great hoard of wealth my need supplies.”
The one less opulent to this replies,
“ If me a store more moderate afford
As much as you, th’ accumulated hoard,
Why praise incessantly, I ask once more,
Your granaries above my scanty store ?”
Than words far louder do your actions speak ;
If I athirst a glass of water seek,
Much rather would I draw the same amount
From this great stream, than from that little fount.
Whence comes it, rapid Aufidus, I say,
Those with the bank together sweeps away,

Whom an abundance more than just does please,
While they with whom a competence agrees
Lose not their lives in the avenging flood,
And drink of water unbefouled with mud.
But these are few—mankind in general cry
With false desire, no sum can satisfy,
Because possessions estimation give,
And so the poorer less esteem receive.
What must I do with such a tribe as this,
Consign them one and all to wretchedness ?
If inclination prompts them so to be,
They disregard advice that comes from me.
As of a certain one the tale is told—
A covetous Athenian of old—
Thus wont to close to public talk the ear,
“ The people hiss when I abroad appear,
But when at home my gold I contemplate,
Bedeck my coffers, then I bless my state,
No matter what the populace may call,—
A sight so charming makes amends for all.”
And now the thirsty Tantalus but see
Catch at the streams as from his lips they flee.
But why excites the tale your laughter thus ?
Change but the name, and you are Tantalus ;
On bags of gold, piled up around, you sleep,
And gaping now, assiduous guard you keep,

The while necessitated to abstain,
As if 'twere sacred, from your gotten gain ;
If not, as pictures it affords delight,
By merely being an amusing sight.
But are you now aware what use affords,
Of what true value is the shining hoard ?
That you may not remain in such a state,
Its blessings I will next enumerate.
When hunger's cravings you acutely feel,
It will provide a comfortable meal ;
Bread, herbs, and wine by gold may be procured,
Comforts withheld, life scarce could be endured.
But how agreeable, how fine, I say,
To watch, half dead with terror, night and day ;
And see, forsooth, how tremblingly he braves
Midnight intruders, fire, his vicious slaves ;
Such woful hardships rather than endure,
I would prefer to be considered poor.
But hold, my muse, you force me to confess
'Tis neither right nor lawful to digress.
Suppose we, sickness seizes on your frame,—
Any disease to instance we may name ;
A raging cold to watching puts an end,
To stay with thee hast thou a single friend,
T' attend thy couch, thy medicine prepare,
Perform the office of a nurse with care,

And the physician anxiously entreat
That he again would raise you to your feet,
Restore you to your relatives once more,
Who would your loss unitedly deplore ?
Ah ! none, indeed, nor wife, nor son to mourn,
The neighbours load with epithets of scorn,
The boys and girls in imitation hate,—
What friend then hast thou to lament thy fate ?
And is it wonderful that all are foes,
That no one toward you the affection shows,
Which you by no means merit, now grown old,
To friends and neighbours in preferring gold ?
But warning take, nor let false hopes deceive ;
To think the relatives whom nature gives
You can as friends in misery retain,
Regardless of preserving them, how vain !
As he who tries the stubborn ass to train,—
Forsooth obedient to bit and rein,—
In campus as a noble steed to run,
Disheartened, leaves the task as he begun ;
Then to your avarice let bounds be set,
For have you not acquired sufficient yet ?
And pray let poverty be dreaded less,
Nor fearful be to use what you possess ;
Nor do as famed Ummidius of old—
The tale concerning him is quickly told :
Who passed the time in measuring his gold,

And yet so sordid was he, as to wear
A coat in which a slave would scarce appear,
And who, when aged, was in constant dread
That he should starve forsooth for want of bread ;
But then 'twas wisely by the fates decreed,
He by the hatchet of his maid should bleed.
The bravest of thy daughters, Tyndarus,
Who the divine decree accomplished thus.
“ Well, then, must I the life of Menius lead ?
Or, Nomentanus-like, on dainties feed ?”
Endeavour not, I pray, to make agree
Things in their nature contradictory ;
For when I bid you your possessions use,
Construe it not as follows—Be profuse.
Betwixt Tanais and Visellius now,
That difference exists, you must allow.
Let then this fact be always borne in mind—
In every thing a medium we find ;
For certain limits rectitude may bound,
On either side of which it is not found.
Not from the track proposed to deviate,
Does no one save the miser like his state ?
Instead of praising those, and those alone,
Whose every station differs from his own,
Pining to death, oppressed with weighty cares,
Like this, to wit : his neighbour's she-goat bears

A more distended udder than his own ;
And always thinking he is poor alone,
Endeavouring, at hazard of his health,
To conquer all who reach the goal of wealth.
And here I'll state, before my paper's spent,
The rich man's always an impediment
To him who, with an avaricious hate,
Strives to excel in his luxurious state.
As when the courser, eager for the race,
Dismissed the chariot from the starting-place,
Whirls it along in haste, the charioteer,
Tormented with alternate hope and fear,
Pushes at those who have his own surpassed,
And then when conqueror derides the last.
And thus, in searching, one to find how rare,
Who at the last sincerely can declare
That he a life of comfort has enjoyed,
The passing years no thirst of gain annoyed,
And now he peacefully retires to rest,
Thankful as from the feast a sated guest.
But hold—though not exhausted yet my store,
To save your patience will I add no more,
Lest you perchance my honesty suspect,
And thus at length the plunderer detect
(Which would increase my misery, you know,)
Of blind Crispinus's portfolio.

EVENING.

THE evening zephyrs, gently blowing,
Fan the closing hours to sleep ;
And Cynthia, as her horn is filling,
From fleecy clouds begins to peep.

The warblers hush their matin lay,
Amid the spicy grove,
And chant no longer cooingly,
Nor softly whisper love.

Faithful Nocta 'gins to curtain
Hill and dale with darkness now ;
While those coronets, so starry,
Thickly stud her radiant brow.

And solemn silence settleth now
Upon the aged wood ;
The fittest spot for calm, and deep,
Unbroken solitude.

In rest the swain forgets his labour,
The hind has laid aside the reed ;
His tender flock, in fold reposing,
Have ceased to crop the flowery mead.

For Morpheus, with his leaden sway,
Now rocks a world to sleep,
While guardian sprites are hovering nigh,
Their sacred watch to keep.

Nature's pulse hath ceased its beating,
Slumbering earth is taking rest ;
Now, and in his own creation,
Deity must stand confessed.

Yes, there is one who never sleeps,
One who is ever nigh,
And in the hollow of whose hand,
E'en worlds may safely lie.

S T A N Z A S.

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileged beyond the common walks
Of life."

'Tis sweet to see the dying saint
Sink placidly to rest,
And calmly breathe his spirit out
Upon a Saviour's breast.

When he has bade his weeping friends
The long, the last adieu ;
When earthly objects fast recede,
And vanish from his view ;

When "flesh and heart" are failing fast,
And hope absorbed in fear,
He has the promised Comforter,
A firm supporter near.

Oh yes ! he has a heavenly guide
To take him by the hand,
And lead him through the dreary vale,
To Canaan's promised land.

GO, PREACH THE WORD.

Go to yonder forests bending,
Cheer the lonely wilderness ;
Christians rise ! and teachers sending
With the Word the Indian bless.

Go where many a flowing river
Fertilizes Asia's plains ;
Go, ye heralds, and deliver
Thousands, millions from their chains.

Go, and on His strength relying,
Bear the Word to weeping Greece ;
In her, as you hear her sighing,
Plant the olive-branch of peace.

Go to Afric's dusky nation ;
Onward, onward wend your way ;
Preach to dying man salvation,
Spread the light of gospel day.

Till from every lofty mountain
 Shall the prayer of faith arise ;
And from every limpid fountain
 Praise ascend to peaceful skies.

Fragrant zephyrs waft to heaven
 Praises from the gathered throng ;
To one God the offering's given,
 With one heart they swell the song.

Take ye, then, the silver trumpet,
 Dying souls your only care,
Sound it in the lonely desert,
 Plant the Rose of Sharon there.

Preach the word, my servants, preach it,
 And your blest reward is nigh ;
Whilst on earth my aid and comfort,
 And a deathless name on high.

TO THE DELAWARE.

WHEN vernal zephyrs fan my brow,
And vernal flowrets greet my coming ;
When struggling nature loosens now
Old Winter's icy grasp benumbing ;

When earth assumes her green array,
And warblers carol forth their greenness ;
And nymphs and naiads pass the day
In blithesome mirth and rural greenness ;

The golden hour I love to seize,
And to thy grassy banks repair,
To saunter forward at my ease,
Romantic stream of Delaware.

The canopied expanse above,
Where purple clouds are floating free,
The dew-bespangled lawn I love,
Because they add a charm to thee.

Thy waters of cerulean blue,
How waveless and becalmed they lie ;
Yet as thy placid face I view,
Thy silence has its melody.

My feelings have a milder tone,
My passions feel a blest control,
And pride and self alike unknown,
Beneath this music of the soul.

Heaven has my thoughts, as thus I gaze
Upon thy waters bright and free ;
And he who scans a mortal's ways,
Thou emblem of his purity.

Yon sylvan shade, I'll there advance,
And yield myself to fancy's dream ;
To watch thy pearly waters dance
And sparkle in the golden beam.

'Tis thus, in childhood's halcyon day,
The beam of hope illumines the breast ;
When life is beautiful and gay,
And every scene in verdure drest.

Our bosoms bound beneath her beam,
And fancy weaves the dream of bliss ;
And care, and pain, and grief, 'twould seem,
Have yielded all to happiness.

Her willing captive I am yet ;
May this my hope for ever be—
'Twill cheer me when life's sun has set—
The hope of immortality.

Be this my hope, whate'er befall,
Or poor or though in wealth I roll,
When other consolations pall,
The steadfast anchor of the soul.

Roll back the tide of other days,
And muse upon a nation's doom ;
Let poesy her tribute raise
And shed a tear upon their tomb.

The red man of the forest wild,
Of eagle eye and agile limb,
How was his simple heart beguiled—
Oh what had fate reserved for him !

His haunts of youth and infancy,
His lowly wigwam, all were here ;
Here, from the darkling forest tree,
Uprose his simple voice of prayer.

Here, with his little chosen band,
The panting deer he once pursued ;
And here a loving helpmate's hand
Prepared her dusky partner's food.

To plunge beneath the crystal wave,
The dizzy height he loved to scale—
His tall, majestic form to lave,
Or court the odour-wafting gale.

How gayly would his tiny bark
Upon thy crested wavelet bound,
Or stay its course awhile, to hark
The jocund hunter's echoing sound,

Where yonder city* rears its head,
With structure vast and finished pile ;
Whose spires ascend the clouds to wed,
Or raylit, cause thy shore to smile :

* Philadelphia.

There, skirted by the green-robed tree,
Whose shadow on thy face reposed
So softly and so silently,
His little village stood disclosed.

Unbroken friendship, constant love,
Exotics of a brighter sphere,
Nursed in Elysian fields above,
Exhaled their native sweetness here.

In social and domestic joy
He whiled the rosy hours away ;
Or taught his keen-eyed, nimble boy
The childish sport or manly play ;

Or, in an eloquential strain,
The prowess of his sires did tell :
How ne'er their flint was raised in vain,
Or how the ensanguined warrior fell.

Then bade him emulate his sire,
This scion of a generous stock ;
To their undying fame aspire,
And strive to be his nation's rock.

As withers the autumnal leaf,
If Boreas through the forest stride,
So passed the sachem and the chief,
And who, ah ! who their requiem sighed ?

Yes, white man, think upon the deed—
The story of their wrongs retrace ;
Nor aye forget you daily tread
The ashes of an injured race.

^ Romantic stream, farewell, farewell !
My harp-strings tremble 'neath thy power ;
I would not have my bosom swell
With thoughts as these at such an hour.

I'll come when mellowing moonbeams play
In heaven's own quiet on thy face ;
Hie from absorbing care away,
And give to sober thought a place.

I'll come when glides the boat along,
Sped by the impulse of the oar,
When manhood's voice and woman's song
In blended sweetness strike the shore ;

When fairy music breathes the while
From dulcet reed or light guitar,
As courts Diana's silvery smile,
Or aye enchants the vesper star ;

While every breath of spangled heaven
With stirring melody is rife,
As when Eolian harp at even
Was fanned by zephyrs into life.

Roll on, with calm, unruffled brow,
Along thy shore melodious glide ;
For other scenes I leave thee now,
To come again at eventide.

THE SONG OF THE FLOWERS.

'Tis true, we are a fragile band,
And short on earth our stay ;
We vanish as by magic wand—
We come to pass away.

But still a feeble note we raise,
To praise our being's source ;
And zephyrs love to waft the lays,
Before we run our course.

Our form is magic to the eye,
So fairy-like we bloom ;
There's rapture in the tintured dye,
And in the sweet perfume.

The child of earth each fancied grace
In flowers delights to see,
Though few in flowers delight to trace
The hand of Deity.

They liken us to virtue chaste,
Contentment, love, and bliss ;
On childhood's sunny brow we're placed,
With us the maiden's tresses graced—
But what, oh, what of this !

From childhood's brow to earth we fall,
From glossy ringlets vanish ;
Deluded, ye reject the call,
And Heaven's own promptings banish.

Ye picture still continued youth—
Ye fain would never wither ;
But 'tis to teach a gloomy truth
We are commissioned hither.

'Tis true, our form is magic grace ;
'Tis true, we sweetly bloom ;
But 'tis upon thy resting-place,
Oh yes, upon thy tomb.

Ye place us on the clay-cold dead,
Or on the coffin's lid ;
But soon forget the words we said,
When earth its victim hid.

But oh, the Christian reads in flowers,—
To him the charming truth,—
That when are passed some fleeting hours,
Is earth exchanged for heavenly bowers,
And age for endless youth.

THE LIFE OF A QUILL...

WRITTEN BY ITSELF,

FOR THE INFORMATION OF BROTHER QUILLS.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED TO THE WORLD.

"There's a chield amang ye takin' notes,
An' faith he'll prent 'em."

If 'tis a truth which prophets state,
Man takes the colour of his fate
From storm or sunshine, as it may,
That ushers in his natal day ;
If when 'mid elemental strife
The infant springs to light and life,
His after years the impress bears
Which nature on his birthday wears ;
If stern misfortune rear her crest,
And hope for ever flee his breast ;

If every effort miss its aim,
And Fortune quite discard his name,
Because forsooth he was not born
Upon a bright poetic morn,
When zephyrs breathe, and streamlets flow,
And all creation's in a glow ;
When Fortune throws her pencilled rays
Upon the canvass of his days ;
When lucky stars her pole illumine,
To dissipate surrounding gloom,
And form in the prophetic eye
The splendour of a galaxy,
To shed a living lustre still,
And guard the favoured one from ill ;
If this is so—and sure you know
Our modern Delphos says it's so ;
Whose famed oracular decrees
For ever seal our destinies,
Though certes we have all of late
Been rather too degenerate,
Discarding tripods and the fair
For grannies in a rocking-chair—
If this is so, then sure a quill
Was destinied to nought but ill,—
Ill, worse than e'er befell the wight
Whose birthday was a stormy night ;

Then listen to a chequered tale,
Nor let your prejudice prevail,
Because when wronged I wished to show it,
And though a quill, became a poet ;
And primo loco should be said,
To logic I was never bred ;
For who can deprecate enough
Such real silly-gistic stuff ?
Which only leads to bets and wagers,
Makes minors overlook their majors,
And fills the world with sad confusion,
Between the premise and conclusion ;
But still, to obviate derision,
I must confess I love precision ;
So, firstly, in my opening section,
I wish to meet one grand objection,
And should I make it yield the floor,
You will not bother me with more—
The settler cuts the forest down,
And then proceeds to build the town,
Then lends, though free from all abuses,
His trusty steel to other uses ;
And thus it is the case with me,
To carry out the simile,
Methinks my axe will be a terror
Amid the underwood of error.

A quill turned orator !—'tis queer :
Hold, hold a while, my trusty fier !
In olden time it came to pass,
You recollect, that Balaam's ass,
A right straightforward, guid auld creature,
Was changed to muckle of a preacher,
And sic a stinging sermon gie him,
His conscience sure could never free him ;
Although a quadruped, nae doubt it,
He knew right weel to go about it ;
Although forsooth he could not pester
His auditor with look and gesture,
Yet did he justice to the occasion,
In sound, substantial application,
And gave him such a sharp debating,
I'm sure his ears began to straighten,
While his poor animal, in fine,
Assumed the human form divine :—
You recollect the story ? well,
Mine is precisely parallel.
'Tis known, and to the least observant,
That I have been a public servant ;
But still, whoever had command,
The quill was ready at his hand,
To run on errands to and fro,
All interest of self forego,

And sacrifice his little all
To suit the democratic call,
And when too old to be a guide,
Thrown as a useless tool aside ;
But, fellow-citizens, I'm able,
Though quite infirm, to turn the table ;
Resolved to be an ass no longer,
Come on, let's see who is the stronger ;
However you may try to parry,
My point I'm always sure to carry.
And first, a sketch of life and travels
Some mysteries at once unravels ;
On memory's page I love to trace
What Father Time can ne'er efface.
The story of my early day,
Though like a mist it passed away,
Is fraught with feelings of delight,
And visions as the rainbow bright.
A noble bird I call my sire—
Ancestral greatness made him higher ;
For birds, like other bipeds, claim
Respect through other people's fame ;
And boast, if nothing else there be,
Their superroyal pedigree.
This quality, I must confess,
By man is carried to excess ;

The wretch who never saw the light,
Whose being is an endless night,
Some consolation still may find,
Because his father was not blind ;
As if the fact that he could see
Would lessen aught his misery.
How oft from real scenes at home,
Back to the royal geese of Rome
He'd rove, and then in transport say,
"Oh, 'twas a most auspicious day
When gabbling geese a signal gave,
The citadel of Rome to save ;
And sleeping garrison arose
In time to quell barbarian foes.
These were the vigilant police
Who graced the title ' Roman geese ;'
Yes, these adorned historic page,
Received the honours of the age,
And then a goose whoever saw,
Was filled with reverential awe.
That golden age has disappeared,
Since we their progeny were reared ;
But even we can share their fame,
And challenge all who doubt the claim."
But though he lived in thought at Rome,
He'd not neglect affairs at home ;

A steady course he still pursued,
And lived to do his neighbours good ;
While they whose duty 'twas to feel,
In part alone repaid his zeal.
On me, who claimed a larger share
Of kindness and paternal care,
In bounden duty I confess,
He lavished all his tenderness.
With him I swam the mantled pool,
Retreated to the umbrage cool ;
And when the wind went whistling round,
A shelter from the tempest found.
At length he died, and I was left
Of every soothing hope bereft ;
For wretches came, his case espied,
And tore me fainting from his side.
Yes, thus to torture was I doomed,
By those who friendship's garb assumed ;
They bore me to a murky cell,
And forced me there in fear to dwell ;
They made me tread a sandy plain,
And scorched me till I danced with pain ;
I struggled long, but could not flee,
And this increased my misery.
When pity touched some stony breast
To grant an interval of rest,

They placed me shivering on the ground,
To gaze my prison-house around ;
And, like the sailor, somewhat vexed
To wonder what would happen next.
A son of Neptune jumped ashore,
No matter when, in days of yore—
This strange allusion to explain,
Ere I resume my life again—
A sailor, as I said before,
All life and spirits, jumped ashore ;
For, now and then, he was content
To try another element.
So, firstly, he must look about
For how to eke his furlough out.
His pocket full of yellow boys,
His noddle full of fancied joys,
To purchase now a little glee,
He wished to drain his treasury.
At last a placard in the street
His rolling optics chanced to meet—
“ Look here ! look here !—a novel fete
But seldom witnessed—a display
Of fire-works takes place to day !
The public better now attend,
Before the exhibition end ;

And fifty cents, a slender pittance,
Is always sure to gain admittance."
Expecting to be finely treated,
He reached the spot, and soon was seated.
The play began ; and, all commotion,
He thought he heard a grand explosion—
Bang !—all the folks began to stare—
He turned a somerset in air,
And reached an height of twenty feet,
I guess, before he reached his feet.
On terra firma now once more,
He lookod as jolly as before.
And " I imagine, sir," said he,
" That this is introductory ;
At any rate, 'twas neatly done,
Though rather singular the fun ;
It nearly tore my ribs asunder—
But what's a-coming next, I wonder ?"
My thoughts were just in such a train
When first I left the scorching plain.
" And this," said I, " for aught I know,
Is the first element of wo ;
If this be the exordium,
When will the peroration come ?"
The notes of anguish meet my ear—
Nearer they came, and yet more near—

When lo ! before my aching eye
Stood brothers in adversity.
The wretches now consulted whether
We all should see the world together ;
To settle the affair for good,
They finally agreed we should.
A cord was speedily procured,
And we a choking vile endured.
“ Such friendship’s rather close,” said I,
And heaved the while an indrawn sigh ;
“ Is this called friendship ?—If you please,
We’d rather all be enemies.”
But here we were, all strung together—
Besides, it was in sweltering weather.
But I, the wisest of the wise,
And liking to philosophize,
The cord at first began to scan,
And then my meditations ran—
Thought I, the catalogue of ill
So speedily would cease to fill,
Mankind would call their neighbours brother,
Instead of hating one another ;
This earth would lose each thorn and briar,
And dress in holiday attire ;
Nor slander in a little space
Would find below a resting-place ;

The dove return, with gentle wing,
Her olive-branch of peace to bring,
If this old maxim of a sage
Would only meet with patronage,
And, faith, it merits your assistance—
For every man to keep his distance!
I thought so, when the tie that bound us
Was lasting as the string around us,
Howe'er apart our stations be,
No doubt you've kept me company.
Well, to the stationers we went,
Like exiles into banishment.
And now, my catalogue to fill,
Suppose I sketch the domicile:
The edifice, from door to door,
Was twenty feet, I guess, or more;
The counter, of capacious size,
To catch the curioso's eyes,
Was laden with a class of books
Of very captivating looks,
All gold and red, with backs embossed,
And written labels of the cost.
These little books appeared to me
Completely filled with witchery;
They doubtless had a certain charm
To benefit or else to harm,

Which of the two I scarcely know—
The sequel of my tale must show.
At ten o'clock the sales begin ;
The fairer sex come pouring in ;
Some crowd around the magic board,
With novels and romances stored ;
One opes, perchance, a bloody tale,
And grows by inches deadly pale ;
Another takes a tale of love,
And grows as cooing as a dove ;
A third, from care and labour free,
Is all bon-mot and jeu-d'esprit ;
"The newest work !" "The latest tale !"
From fifty mouths my ears assail.
The cunning salesman, who before,
To suit each damsel in the store,
Had fainted, cried, and laughed by turns,
In fidgets to his task returns :
"The Vale of Winnebago, miss,
A most delightful tale it is,"—
Produced by such and such a pen—
"The price, the price ?" "Well, take it, then.
The work has sold amazing fast—
The copy you have bought's the last.
A week ago it came from press,
I filled my cases to excess,

And candidly, I thought so then,
But there they are to fill again."
Anon they gather round like bees—
"Procure me one, sir, if you please;"
"And me," "and me," the echo rung
Until the dealer's ears were stung.
At length a nymph of matchless grace
Thus gave to sober thought a place;
And in a flowing strain began,
While thus the lofty periods ran—
"Why, Adolina, how you read;
My dear, I'm quite surprised indeed;
Devoid of anything like care,
Romances are your only fare.
You soon, I fear, will grow too sage,
And venture on a pilgrimage;
Or take a continental sail,
And, novice-like, assume the veil;
Or think yourself a love-lorn maid,
Whose destiny it is to fade.
But if you wish substantial peace,
It is your policy to cease;
To lay aside such flimsy things,
And quit your vain imaginings.
Already you have felt the charm,
Desist, for fear of further harm.

Your husband deprecates it so—
Your children so neglected grow—
Your household is a scene of waste,
And all things wear a wretched caste.
Dear Adoline, I plainly see
You'll come to want and misery.
Retrace your steps, and yet amend—
Improve the counsel of a friend.”
“ What think you, sir, of such a rant ?
And am not I a termagant,
And she a patent fault-detector
Who gave me such a sweeping lecture ?”
“ Why, ma'am, I know not what to say,
But think creation as they may ;
Believe yourself, obey your reason,
And care not who may call it treason.
Why novels they improve the taste ;
What if the house should go to waste ?
Your spouse delights to see your glee,
E'en though he comes to bankruptcy.
No, stoop not to domestic life,
With paltry duties always rife ;
A mind of high and noble mould
Such servitude should never hold ;
But see, when day's dull round is o'er,
To bring your husband to the door,

With aching head and weary eye,
To muse upon his destiny.
A novel puts him in a trim,
When nothing else will comfort him ;
Protested notes will ne'er again
Be flitting through his crazy brain ;
The midnight lamp will cease to gleam,
Nor losses be a constant theme.
The mode is this, with jocund laugh,
Personify your other half
With Earl of Kent or Count de Lame,
Or any other courtly name ;
Converse with rapture, and be sure
To touch on knight and troubadour.
You scarcely will believe your eyes,
How this will metamorphosize ;
'Twill change his temper, give him grace
To look misfortune in the face ;
And should he have the luck to fail,
And creditors begin to rail,
'Twill nerve his breast, and make him feel
That now he is the more genteel ;
The act will even seem to be
A mere exploit of errantry ;
And this will profit, lets rehearse,—
An inch is added to your purse ;

And if you think it worth your while,
You then can live in finer style ;
Your daughters too, a noble chance,
Can learn to pianize and dance ;
No longer be concealed from view,
But adepts at a billet-doux ;
They will not break their hearts so young,
Because unhonoured and unsung,
But suitors, with an accent sweet,
Lie prostrate at their angels' feet,
And, too much overcome to stand,
Will kneel to kiss their gracious hand ;
By this they'll realize their worth,
And act like girls of noble birth ;
Their self-esteem, a lovely trait,
Will not the less in warmth abate.
Your former friends, of lowlier sphere,
Should never gain admittance here,
For since your income has increased,
They should be choice, to say the least.
Another good resulting hence,
A girl with an inheritance
Is, madam, be assured, a prize,
A magic lure to mortal eyes ;
A force which always must prevail
Where beauty and behaviour fail.

'Tis but a hint, not meant for you,
Your daughters must combine the two ;
With credit you can match them all,
But best when stocks begin to fall ;
At any rate, I understand,
That then they are in most demand.
Madam, you have my candid views,
To act upon them as you choose ;
But novels, let me say again,
Have countless blessings in their train ;
And since the moment of their birth.
Have made a Paradise of earth.”
A noble peroration this,
And quite replete with artifice ;
Indeed, so cogent the appeal,
The lady could not help but feel,
So eulogistic was the strain,
And aye displayed such fertile vein,
That, quick as thought, another tale
Was added to the former sale ;
The true chef-d'œuvre of his art
Was magic to a woman's heart ;
While he, the dealer, trained to fleece,
Laughed slyly o'er his silver piece.
From every circumstance of life,
With consequences always rife,

Some wholesome truth be mine to learn,
To give to others in return.
Poor human nature, what are words
But vapours, vanishing, when heard ?
Like water, smooth their onward flow,
While motive, motive lurks below ;
Who launches forth upon the stream,
So magic with deceitful gleam,
May gayly speed his pinnace on,
Till happiness and hope are gone ;
But, sure as fate, the whirlpool there
Will soon engulf him in despair.
Oh man ! creation's sovereign lord,
And wilt thou e'en enslave a word ?
And wilt thou still pervert the use
Of what by nature scorns abuse ?
Such usurpation, mean as vile,
Bespeaks thy subtlety and guile,
And even I, poor fated quill,
Must own thine arbitrary will,
Must serve thy purposes as vile,
And still be unrevenge'd the while ;
Must blot the page of virgin white,
And each capricious whim indite ;
Obedient at thy beck and call,
When gladly I'd retrace it all.

The world is but a changing scene,
Eventful too my life has been ;
Full oft has light as well as shade
In turn upon my canvass played.
A quill to moralize !—how vain !
Off to my chequered tale again :—
One early morn, though hid from view,
Observing men and manners too,
Some queer incognito I spied
Advancing to my master's side ;
His person rude and raiment vile
Bespoke not fortune's favoured child,
But still a more than winning grace
Might linger in his withered face ;
Then add to this the snow-white hair,
Which gives a reverential air ;
And then, perhaps, with fancy's eye,
Our morning visiter you spy,
Advancing with extended hand,
He thus discoursed in accents bland,
A friendly grasp at once to give,
And load with interrogative :—
“ My worthy sir, how are you pray—
In health and strength this pleasant day ?
Your charming partner, how is she—
The prattlers of the family ?

And, pray, does yet their sunny smile
Full many a weary hour beguile?
And how's the times—does fortune bless
And crown your labours with success?
And, prythee, does her golden tide
In one continuous current glide?
If aught to enterprise is due,
A noble stand remains for you;
If e'er on effort fortune smiled,
'Tis yours to be her favoured child.
Methinks it is a year or more
Since last I met you in the store.
And, by the way, your wonted zeal
Its late improvements well reveal.
'Tis too familiar to repeat,
That trusty friends are sure to meet;
'Tis trite, I said before, but still
The proverb we can both fulfil.
None has a freer hand, I vow,
Than he who stands before you now;
While, on the other side, 'tis known
An open heart is all your own.
But hold!—'tis ten—I'm off, my friend—
To other scenes my footsteps bend.
Now promise me a speedy call,
Yourself, and wife, and children all.

Oh yes, you must, and spend the day
In quite a social chit-chat way ;
The hours with converse entertain,
And auld lang syne live o'er again.
I have a bill to pay to-morrow,
And, though I do detest to borrow,
Still, circumstances alter cases,
So poverty can ne'er disgrace us ;
A fifty dollar loan, my friend,
And all my fears are at an end.
My thanks, my hearty thanks for ever ;
You always were surprising clever.
Oh yes, it strikes me—I intend
A letter out of town to send ;
And, by the bye, the stage to-day
I do believe will pass that way ;
Indeed it is a noble chance,
I quite forgot the circumstance ;
A quill, and then the thing is done,
Could you but favour me with one,
A stray one, just to scratch a line—
But no—'tis trouble—never mind ;
It is not pressing, understand,
But if a stray one be at hand,
Not otherwise, my trusty friend—
I'm off, some customers to send ;
For, be assured, an honest man
I recommend where'er I can ;

And well I know how strictly true
The epithet applies to you.”
This conversation, be it known,
Engaged our visiter alone ;
And here, at least, he seemed to be
Quite thorough in monopoly ;
For words succeeded words so fast,
That, candidly, I stood aghast.
A ready ear my master lent,
And nodded, with a smile, assent ;
While, like a minister of fate,
He gabbled at a furious rate ;
But when I found that all his praise,
His friendly grasp, and loving gaze ;
His invitation full and free
To man, and wife, and family ;
His eulogy upon the store,
If not an hundred salvos more,
Were meted by the cunning elf,
To tickle thus the pride of self,
That though the man I much respected,
My risibles were much affected ;
I then resolved me, if I can,
I'll shun the brotherhood of man ;
Thus far at least he seems to me
Unfathomable mystery ;

Or like distorted glass, at best,
Creation's tyrant stands confessed ;
You take an object, hold it to it,
And through the crooked medium view it,
It loses quick, to your surprise,
Its former colour, shape, or size ;
And so the motive may be bent
And crooked to its right intent ;
But only let the glass of nature
Be placed before the monstrous feature,
And, not to keep you longer waiting,
How wondrous quick the thing will straighten.
Perhaps you wish me to return,
The sequel of my tale to learn ;
But here you have my own confession,
That e'en a quill can love digression.
Well, ere the fellow started out,
With joy he heard my master shout,
" Halloo, my friend, for, if you will,
You have at your command a quill—
'Tis here—I need not ask you whether
It graces uniform of feather ;
A quill in hand you never took
Of such a prepossessing look ;
For though of quite a tender age,
It looks as yellow as a sage,

As philosophical and steady,
And for the harvest ripe already.
Behold it, friend, and on my life,
"Twill do an honour to your knife ;
But when it falls, it falls, I think,
A martyr to the cause of ink—
That mighty sea, whence many a quill
Has supped of sorrow to his fill."
By sad experience I have known
What then I thought was jest alone ;
Those words, oracular to me,
Revealed in full my destiny ;
For while the brotherhood of man
Have done me all the harm they can,
It seems that what was bane to me,
To them has served for nought but glee ;
Whene'er they wished to drown their care,
And quell the demon of despair,
They only had to dip in gin
To make their happiness begin ;
While I, poor soul, the more I dipped,
And the black fluid freely sipped,
More sorrow was I forced to know,
More deeply was I drenched in wo,
Until that black, infernal spirit,
Upon my word, I could not bear it,

But swill they made me to excess,
Until confirmed in drunkenness.
Alas ! it was not framed for me,
The doctrine of free agency ;
Believe me, if I had my will,
I would have been a sober quill ;
But man, the philosophic elf,
Will suit the doctrine to himself,
Proclaim himself as doubly free,
No matter what becomes of me ;
And when the circumstance has need,
As readily will purge his creed.
When doctrines fit not, on the whole,
As cap upon a barber-pole,
Then off they go, like threadbare coat,
As scarce in value worth a groat ;
But when they get their lordships free,
They pin their articles on me ;
Talk of my covenant relation,
And christen me Predestination ;
Remind me of my fallen state,
And cry, " To suffer is your fate !"
But hold ! I'm glad you called me back—
I'm always running off the track,
A trait I copied first from man,—
And now for censure, if you can.

Oh, butchery ! that knife of steel,
It makes my very blood congeal ;
For when beneath its edge I came,
’Twas lost to feeling and to shame ;
It fleeced me of the coat I wore,—
What think you could I worship more ?—
At once the only legacy
A father could bequeath to me,
The badge that designates a quill,
And this increased its value still ;
And thus, my hearers, it is plain
I acted Joseph o’er again—
He spoke the truth, you know, and hence
His silly brothers took offence,
And when they could no longer brave him,
They stole the coat his father gave him.
“ There’s nothing new beneath the sun ! ”
Reiterated Solomon ;
What has been is ; and this, you see,
Was well exemplified by me.
This earth of ours—a queer old creature—
Will not relax a single feature ;
She thinks it would not be so clever,
To have her portrait spoiled for ever,
And hence still calls the wise man “ schemer,”
And him who holds the truth “ a dreamer.”

Farewell !—My exhortation's o'er ;
Although I promised you before
To give my narrative complete,
I think 'tis better to retreat.
I wish, as long as I am able,
To be considered fashionable ;
A promise nowadays, you know,
Is very like a note or so ;
'Tis thrown in bank, but ne'er contested
That such a note will be protested ;
The larger here the draft, the better,
For men respect a wholesale debtor ;
Such may assume an air commanding,
For brilliant is their understanding.
I made a promise—yes, 'tis true—
Because I'd nothing else to do ;
Then it was merely fun to make it,
And now quite a la mode to break it.
Farewell !—No more such rubs to gi' ye,
The blessing of a quill go wi' ye ;
By way of exercise, I hope
Again to stir your conscience up ;
Again, like noble Paul, express
The words of truth and soberness ;
I hope it will not all be gone,
But something left to work upon.

ÆSCHYLUS.

'Twas glorious morn, and Athens now awoke,
 With all her stately domes and palaces,
 To greet the orient beam. Her glittering spires,
 Bathed in the yellow flood of sunlight, seemed
 The ready messengers to welcome back
 The orb of day to Grecia's classic soil.
 The sky was canopied with clouds of gold ;
 The atmosphere was mellowed into richness ;
 And when it fanned the cheek, in truth 'twas if
 Some seraph's wing were gently stirring it :
 Aurora garnered up a thousand sweets,
 And now profusely scattered them.

'Twas morn ;

The city gates unfolded ; breathless crowds
 Were hurrying to and fro ; and the low hum
 Of half-suppressed emotion, as it broke
 From lips that quivered as the aspen leaf,
 Was omen sure of deep anxiety.

It was a deathlike, quiet, boding calm,
As if the life of millions were at stake
Upon some fatal issue ; for the noise
Of active life was hushed ; the anvil slept ;
The wheel of commerce ceased its revolution ;
The scholar left his yellow page of lore
To join the multitude ; and children, too,
Forgot diverting pastime and their toys,
To mingle in the vortex as it rolled.
The temples, too, were filled with worshippers ;
And men of sacerdotal office poured
The rich libation, as the victim bled ;
Some thronged around the mystic oracle,
To catch in eagerness their god's response,
And bear it to their fellows ; others stood
Around the forum, in a low debate,
Whose gestures yet bespoke their earnestness.
But all were moved alike ; one magic spell
Had bound them with its sacred witchery.
And yonder see a man of silvery locks
Led like a felon 'mid the yielding throng.
Serenity is stamped upon a brow
Of intellectual cast ; his eye, though dim
With grief, has still the fire of genius in it ;
And on he totters,—for a mighty load,
Unseen by man, to earth is pressing him :

Yet in his mien are dignity and grace,
As stealthily can win our reverence—
And reverence did it win : the gathered throng
Like severed waters yielded as he passed,
And stood uncovered, while from every lip,
In accents tremulous and low, was breathed
The name of Æschylus.

'Twas he ; the same,
The very same upon whose brow had twined
The laureate wreath of fame ; whose lyric strain
Had held, in willing servitude, the hearts
Of many a Grecian son ; whose lay of love
Had wrapt affection in ideal bliss,
And woke responsive echoes, as it breathed
Through bosoms of the bright-eyed ones of earth ;
'Twas he, whose name a loving populace
Had numbered with the bards of other days,
To share coequal honour and renown,
And aye whose form stood forth in sculptured stone,
As redolent with life ; 'twas he—the same—
Now manacled for guilt of blackest dye ;
Too strong and deep to shun the partial view
Of those who fain would disbelieve its truth ;
And on his head the doom of certain death,—
Death ignominious—death by Grecian hands—
To be inflicted ere the orb of day

Had kissed in majesty the western wave,
Though Grecian hearts perchance were sickening.
And could he hope?—His guilt was manifest;
And even Charity, the meek-eyed maid,
Had sealed in tears his woful destiny.
Perhaps his age would sheathe the sword of justice,
And the gray hairs, successful supplicants,
Preserve their wretched master: oh, 'twas vain
To build his safety on such hope as this;—
Yet still he trusted. One of kindred birth,
Of kindred sympathy, and ardent love;
One who had shared the pastimes of his youth,
And sterner cares of manhood; one who still
Had shared his sunny hour, and darker day,
Of wo-beclouded suffering: and he,
True, constant, and unwavering in his love,
Was now to plead his cause, and plead it, too,
In word, and energy, and argument,
Of nature's orator. A brother's voice
Had hushed his cares to rest; a brother's tongue
Could plead resistless; and the starting tear,
That trickled down his manly cheek, would melt
With its mute eloquence a heart of stone.
And now, with child-like confidence, he fell
Upon that brother's neck, an aged man,
And sobbed aloud, and looked in joy to heaven.

It was a mighty multitude
Within the walls of forum. There they stood,
A mass of living souls—you might have heard
The quiver of a leaf—so calm and still,
It seemed as if the stream of life had ceased
To flow within their veins, or hand of Fate
Transformed them into statues.

He rose,
A veteran soldier, and full many a scar
Of ruthless battle on his cheek disclosed;
His arm, dismembered, hung beside him, as
To tell a tale itself of hard-fought fields,
And triumphs sorely won in Grecia's cause.
The tear was gathering in his aged eye,
And o'er his furrowed countenance there spread
A smile, complacent, yet so touching too,
So melting in expression, that the throng,
In tones of deep and gushing emphasis,
The name of father whispered; for he seemed
To gaze upon them as a family
Reared by himself and nurtured by his care;
And yet he spoke not. Strange! methought he came
To interpose his strain of eloquence
'Twixt life and death, and thus, in thoughts that burn,
Plead with that gathered throng to sheathe the sword
Of justice, and rescind the doom of law—

Of violated law. Why stirs he not ?
The hours are winging rapidly away ;
And they are standing by, all anxious too
To do the deed of blood. Why stirs he not
To action ?—See, his cheek is blanching fast—
His voice is tremulous, you cannot hear
A single sentence ; and the feeble knee
Is bending fast beneath him. See, he tries
Again to give an utterance to words,
But grief forbids it, and he cannot speak.
And shall that brother die ?—he promised him
To supplicate for mercy—shall he die ?
But words and arguments are nothingness.
Oh ! could the language of the soul be clothed—
Oh ! could the workings of his heart be known,
And the deep fount of feeling be revealed
In gushing fulness—but it cannot be.
There was a stir amid the gathered throng,
And whisperings of ominous intent,
And solemn echoings of “ He must die ! ”
It reached his ear, and that dismembered arm
At once he raised.

’Twas argument enough ;
Association did its wonted task ;
And the old Grecian warrior stood before them ;
• His life, his toils, his services—yes, all

Came rushing like a flood upon their souls—
It could not be resisted.

And they rose,
Embraced the victim of offended law,
His shackles burst, and Æschylus was free!

THE DYING BLIND BOY.

It was a darkened chamber—all within
Was still and motionless—save when the sob
Of deep affection stirred the tranquil air,
And the loud gush of sorrow.

It was a dying couch ; the drapery
Was drawn aside, and on it calmly lay
A youthful sufferer. The flaxen hair
Was parted on his brow luxuriantly.

'A graceful thing he seemed, of some eight summers,
Too fairy-like for earth ; and there he lay,
Sweet cherub, waiting for the happy hour
When his freed soul should leave its tenement,
And leap exulting to its native fount.
The drapery was drawn aside—and when
The mellowing moonbeam stealthily would peep
Within the window-crevice, and repose
Upon his pale, wan face, it told a tale,
A touching tale—the sufferer was blind.

Oh ! it is hard, in childhood's sunny hour,
To take the last long gaze of earthly objects ;
To close the eye upon heaven's canopy
Of varied-tinted clouds ; to bid farewell
To buds and blossoms, and to turn aside
From listening to the carol of the bird
Within its own sweet bower ! I say 'tis hard
For the young spirit thus to break away
From every charm of being, and to seek
The dying couch, and bid adieu to earth.
But when the innocent has never gazed
On nature's face of beauty—when the earth,
So bright and beautiful, has been a blank,
And the bright spirit pent within itself,
To pine beneath a mighty incubus—
When the kind voice is heard, and yet, O God !
It cannot see the lips that utter it—
When the fond clasp is felt, and yet the form
That gives it is a thing of nothingness—
And this when each affection of the soul
Is redolent with life, and every thought
Leaps into action—then methinks 'tis sweet
To be at liberty, though death the price ;
To have the film torn from the sightless orb,
And feast the vision with seraphic scenes,
And have the soul a captive soul no more !

Oh ! such was he, the beauteous one before us.
And now he raised his hand, and touchingly
He spoke his long farewell—the poet's lay
But feebly copies it :—

“ Mother, I'm going home,
To the bright home you told me of before,
To sin against my Father never more :

You better come.

Mother, I never gazed
Upon the face of her who gave me birth,
But when before our warm and joyful hearth

Thy voice was 'raised,

Oh, mother, 'twas so sweet,

It seemed to lull my little cares to rest ;

And when you clasped me fondly to your breast,

My lips to meet,

I thought 'twas right

That God had fashioned me a poor blind boy,

Because I used to feel so full of joy

Without my sight.

Oh, mother dear,

You well remember how I used to kneel

And say my prayers, and then I could not feel

Distress or fear.

And even now
Thy parting kiss seems warm upon my cheek,
But now your boy is very faint and weak,
Then kiss my brow.
'Tis hot, I feel it hot—
And, mother, I can scarcely draw my breath ;
Oh ! tell your sufferer if this is death—
Say, is it not ?
I hope so, mother,
For when I reach that world of heavenly light,
I will not have to live in endless night.
Where's little brother ?
Brother, your hand.
We used to stroll along the fields together—
Sweet-scented breezes, in the sunny weather,
My brow would fan.
We used to stray,
You recollect, among the jasmine bowers,
And carol out among the pretty flowers,
The livelong day.
You used to twine
A wreath of roses, smelling sweet to me,
And bind them to my ringlets, full of glee,
And call them mine.
So balm the air,
I used to think it was a cherub's wing

That fanned my cheek, or else some heavenly thing
As bright and fair.

And then I thought

That birds were sweet things thus to carol out ;
And when I heard their chirpings I would shout.

So once I sought,

One summer day,

'To catch a little warbler, but, you know,
Billy was blind, and so he could not go

Too far away.

The seat I loved

So well, it stands before the cottage-door ;
Brother, that seat shall know me now no more.

It will be moved

When I am gone.

There, on that seat, your hand I often took,
And you would read me from the primer book

Some lovely song,

Or else some tale

About the little boys who could not speak,
And had no mother fond to kiss their cheek

When wan and pale ;

Or used to say

How many children never had a home,
But through the wilderness would have to roam

So far away.

Upon your face,
I often thought, and yet the thought was vain,
I would be willing to be blind again,
 To have one gaze.
But oh ! above,
Dear mother says I will not there be blind,
But see my Saviour, gentle too and kind,
 And full of love.
A little while,
And you shall follow me to that bright place,
Where I shall view with rapture every face,
 And see you smile.
Father, farewell !
Your scalding tear I feel is on my brow ;
You should not weep, 'twill soon be over now,
 And all is well.
Oh ! if you find,
When I am gone, afflicted ones like me,
'Tis hard, you know, for children not to see,
 So treat them kind.
Support my head,
Mother, your arm will pillow it—and now
Another kiss upon my fevered brow.
 What gentle tread
 Is coming near ?
Father, dear father, put your cheek to mine,

And, brother, let your arms my neck entwine,
And then no fear.

I feel a pain,
It racks my feeble body—I must die.
Sing me my soothing cradle lullaby

But once again.
That cradle bed,
How oft beside it faithful watch you've kept,
And guarded, too, when other mothers slept,
My infant head.

And I must lie,
When I am gone, down in my peaceful tomb,
And on my bosom little flowers shall bloom
So charmingly.

Well, you will come,
I know you will, dear mother, there to weep,
And wish your happy soul at once would leap
To my bright home.

If I a man had grown,
I would have been a burden to your heart;
So, mother dear, 'tis better now to part—
Your're not alone.

I hear the call
Before I taste the bitter cup of life,
Or have my spirits harrowed with its strife,
To leave you all.

God knows 'tis right ;
I might have been a poor and wretched thing,
And till an aged man went sorrowing,
In endless night.
Oh ! who could tell,
But I might linger in a stranger land,
No father's kiss, no mother's gentle hand—
God knows 'tis well.
Your poor blind son
Could never meet the cold neglect of earth,
But curse in anguish, then, his hour of birth,—
Afflicted one.
And then I fear
That stranger hands would weary of their care,
And dig my narrow house, and place me there,
Without a tear.
Another son
May gaze upon thee with his beaming eye,
And claim in turn my little lullaby,
When I am gone.
Yet, loved ones, try
To spare a little corner in your breast,
And in that corner let my image rest.
And now, good-bye.
Forget me not—
You can't forget me, mother, though a son

Should love you more than I have ever done;

My helpless lot

Forbade it, mother.

But still I loved your voice, your hand, your kiss,

And Providence denied me more than this—

Good-bye, another.”

Dear sainted one, his utterance was hushed,

And with the sentence yet upon his lips

Unfinished, and his head reposing thus

Upon that mother's bosom, and his hand

In childish, touching eloquence upraised,

His spirit winged its flight to Paradise.

The morning dawned—the sunlight gayly beamed

Within his little chamber, and reposed

Upon his sainted clay, but he had gone

To meet the Sun of Righteousness.

AN ADDRESS TO MY CANE.

IN IMITATION OF THE SCOTCH.

My guid auld cane ! I like to see ye ;
 We always were twa friens togither ;
 I'm sure to feel contented wi' ye
 In sunny or in rainy weather.

Ye know that men wha love each ither,
 Will by the hand full jovial take ye ;
 But ye have lost your paws, my brither,
 So by the noddle I must shake ye.

If 'twas the custom now for mortals
 To grasp each ither by the head,
 Their brains, betwixt oursels, I'm thinkin',
 Would often hae to go to bed.

For, my auld crony, let me tell ye,
I dinna think it e'er can wrang us,
That often, in the upper story,
There's mony a wise one soft amang us.

But man, ye know, 's a queer auld creature,
And just as ready to complain
If ony of his crazy species
Are gifted wi' a hard-bound brain.

I canna tell what species mine are ;
If ye determine, I'll abide it :
So long as ye're the best definer,
A crack from ye will soon decide it.

My guid auld cane ! my trusty brither !
No matter how the folks may laugh,
I'll not go seekin' for anither
So long as ye're my better half.

For better and for worse I've ta'en ye ;
And when forsooth I slip or tumble,
Like a guid help-meet ye sustain me,
And bear it all without a grumble.

And if a cur his mouth should open,
 To rend my character in twain,
Ye always teach him better manners,
 And make him shut his trap again.

Or if the rascal then look surly,
 And dare against his fate to whine,
I'm thinkin' when he gets a canin'
 He feels a little more canine.

My righthand man and trusty frien',
 Ye always came whene'er I beckoned ;
And every thing I chanced to move,
 Ye always were as sure to second.

Yes, lad, ye were the first to back me ;
 Your blows methinks were seldom parried ;
For 'twixt us both, 'tis very certain
 The resolution always carried.

We are a business firm, my brither,
 And muckle of a queer one, too ;
For ye are but a silent partner,
 And yet hae all the work to do.

Aweel it would be fine, I'm thinkin',
If every body in the town
Possessed your walk and conversation,
And was, like ye, straight up and down.

Ye're proof against the tide and weather,
While we poor mortals, as ye know,
Just as the vane, are always shiftin'
Whichever way the wind may blow.

Ye're rather railish yet, my brither,
As some young upstart lately said ;
I'll take the matter up, and tell him
Ye're pretty solid in the head.

It's not the age or looks, I'm thinkin',
That makes the man of sterling worth ;
There's many an auld gray head a simple,
And many a weentie smart from birth.

But till ye get a little older,
Just creep along the best ye can ;
A wrinkled phiz and good stout shoulder
Is sure to coin a fortune, man.

Ye have not yet had much experience,
But what ye've had has proved your worth;
A stripling, still I'd rather hae ye
Than any stumpy cane on earth.

Depend on me, my faithful crony,
And let us stick full close together;
For ye shall be protected wi' me,
In rainy or in sunny weather.

A W I S H.

I ASK not for the chaplet wreath of fame,
To grace my temples with its fadeless leaf;
The scholar's name I envy not, or aye of him
Whose soft-linked numbers hold entranced the soul,
And mellow every feeling there concealed.
The yellow page of lore has oft been conned
By taper-light, when shades enwrap the earth,
Till the poor victim sunk within the grave,
And shortened thus the life his Maker gave—
For what? To have, in sentimental strain,
His worth applauded for the passing hour,
Then steeped for ever in Oblivion's wave.
The poet too has sung ;—and sung for what?
Go ask the shades of Caledonia's bards ;
Of Burns, and Ramsay ; they will answer you,
And point you to a catalogue of wo—
Where cold neglect and haughty pride of earth

Stand prominently forth, embittering life,
And quenching heaven-born genius ; they can tell
How, when the sweetest lay from Orphean lyre
Was struck by gifted minds, the gaping crowd
Discerned its beauties not, nor deemed it aught,
While men of finer mould looked coldly down
From their high pinnacles, and envied oft
That nature had such noblemen as these,
And yet denied her noblest gifts to them.
The grave has all of genius—this bleak world
With its gross atmosphere is no fit spot
For Heaven's exotic, and its sweets are lost
On desert air, if scattered on the earth.
The grave has all of genius—men may talk,
And laud the bard's renown, and aye, perchance,
Force from unwilling eyes a meager tear,
And try to feel a sympathetic glow,
And heave, forsooth, a something like a sigh,
When he has gone for ever—they may talk,
And on his ashes rear the marble pile,
And grave his virtues and his early fate
With deeply-carved inscription, as if this
Were aught of recompense—a scanty meed,
But such as earth affords—it breaks the heart,
It chills the energies of lofty mind,

It grinds to dust, by poverty and toil,
It keeps the diamond ever in the rough,
And when its work is done, its cruel work,
And the long-baited victim yields at length,
And falls a martyr, then it drops a tear,
And builds a monument to hide its shame.
The soul so sensitive as his who feels
Fond nature's inspiration in its cells,
With chastening, mellowing influence—whose heart,
In every fine-strung chord, when rudely touched,
Will vibrate agony and keen despair,
Can never bear misfortune's weight like men
Of grosser mould and impress less divine ;
Such men can buffet every wave of earth,
And gain new strength at each succeeding stroke ;
But let the storm pour fury on the head
Of him who bears his high original
With credit to himself, and knows it too,
Full conscious of his worth, and, like the reed,
He bends but once, then yields him to the blast ;
His independent soul has done with earth—
It sighs its dirge, and weeps itself away.
Oh buried worth ! a loftier muse than mine
Should vindicate your claim, your honest claim ;
For he who bears the poet in his soul

Derives his patent from Omnipotence.
To homage and respect—not such as slaves,
Who cringe in Eastern court, to monarchs pay,
But that well-tempered reverence we owe
To minds superior, such is doubtless his;
And he who would deny a meed so just,
Subjects himself to guilt—the guilt of fraud.
Oh! it has grieved me to the soul, to see
The man of narrow intellect, whose mind,
Too grovelling in its caste for truth sublime,
For high research, and reason's nobler sway,
Fast sweeping on to eminence and fame,
Because, perverting every faculty
To cunning dexterous and low deceit,
He filled his granaries, amassed his gold,
And field to field annexed, and thus at length
Was almost deified by fellow-worms,
Because he was a Dives—whilst the man
Who valued powers bestowed so free by heaven
Too highly to pervert their sacred use
To all the low chicanery of earth,
But firmly still pursued the course of right,
Despite a phalanx of contending foes,
And lent each faculty to noble ends,
To ends full worthy of a gifted soul,

Receive no meed but penury and wo,
And live and die neglected child of song.
But why repine, or sweep a mournful lyre?
The bard has sung, "whatever is is right."

THE END.

